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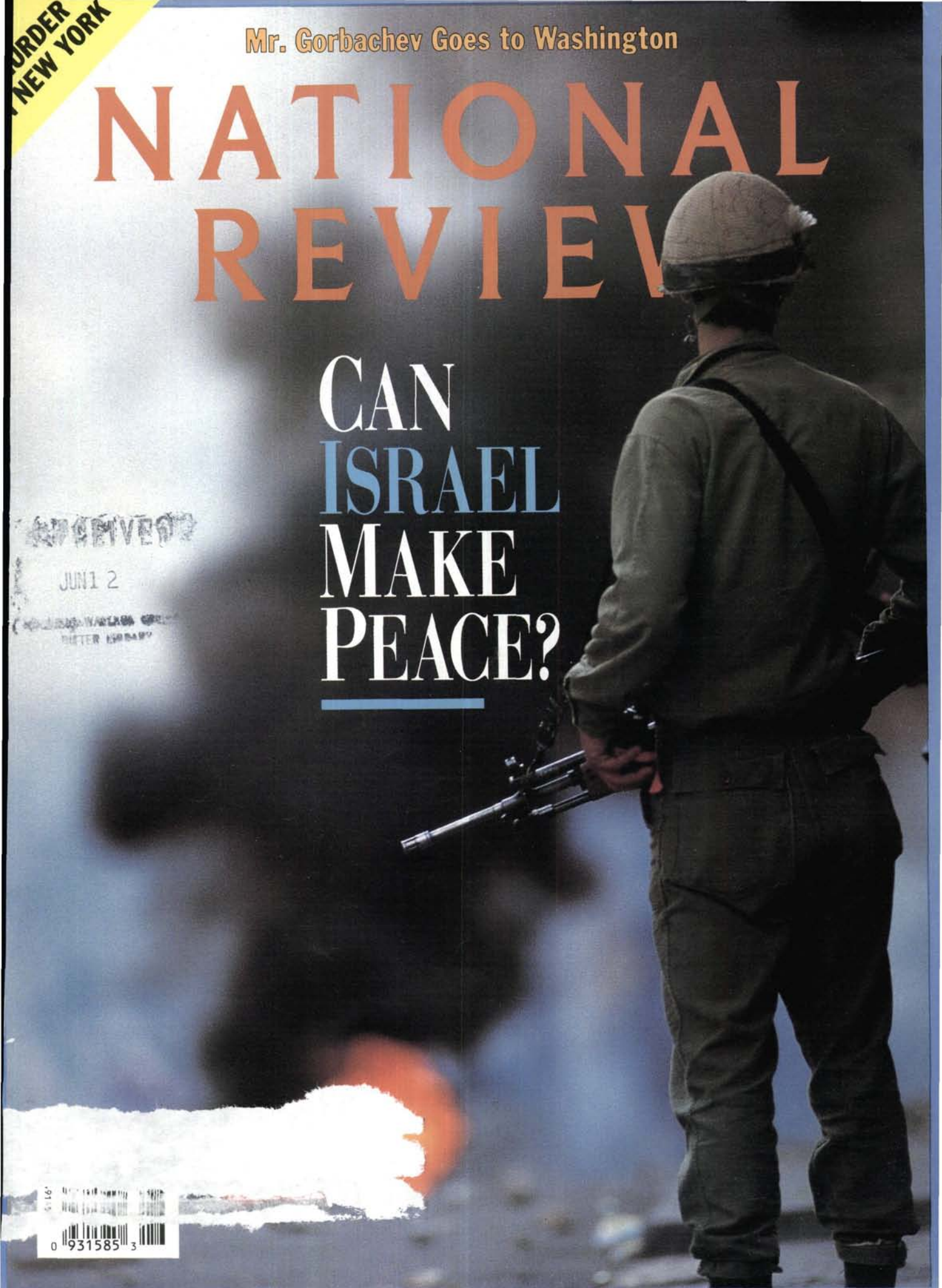

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LETTERS

Egypt and Mao

It is impossible, in just a few lines, to give the archaeological, documentary, and linguistic evidence for my arguments ["The Week," March 5]. It has after all taken me four volumes to outline why I, like Greeks of the Classical period, believe in the African nature of Egypt and the centrality of Egyptian and Phoenician cultures in the formation of that of ancient Greece. All I can say is that my work is being taken very seriously indeed by Classicists, Egyptologists, and archaeologists.

As for Matthew Krane's recollection of my classes ["Letters," April 1], I am impressed that he has kept his lecture notes from seven years ago. I think I can provide contexts to make sense of Mr. Krane's notes.

First, I have never said that I thought that the intellectuals who were killed in the Cultural Revolution were "expendable." What I do set out in my lectures, however, is a pattern I see repeated in the Rectification Campaigns of 1942 and 1957 and on a much greater scale during the Cultural Revolution, which began with students and intellectuals being encouraged to criticize the Party and state bureaucrats, and concluded with their being savagely punished for having done so. I interpret this as Mao having wanted to chasten the bureaucracy and not caring what happened to the students and intellectuals. Thus, *for him*, they were expendable.

Mr. Krane also is mistaken in claiming that I said that Mao was "the greatest leader of any people in human history." What I have said, since Mao's death, was that I believe Mao to have been one of the greatest men *of the twentieth century*. The correct use of the attribute "great" for political figures is difficult to pinpoint. It is used for men and women whose actions have had a major influence on large numbers of people. This impact need not be immediately beneficial, as in the examples of Alexander, Charlemagne, Peter, Catherine, or Frederick, all of whom were responsible for the violent deaths of tens or hundreds of thousands of people.

On the other hand, there is also an apparently moral aspect to the use of "great" in that it would seem strange to apply it to Attila, Stalin, or Hitler. The differentiation would seem to be on the issue of whether the hideous suffering these "great" men and women caused was part of a process that led to long-term good or the establishment of beneficial states or other institutions. In 1983, when Mr. Krane took my class, I believed this to be the case with Mao. Now I must admit that this is less certain.

I suppose that Mr. Krane wrote his letter to reassure readers that they need not take my work seriously or bother to read my book. It would be sad if right-wingers—or left-wingers—were to restrict their reading to those writers with whom they agreed politically. I am delighted to say that this is not the case with my conservative friends, and I still think the best summary of my first volume was that in *Insight*, April 11, 1988. I would recommend this to anyone who finds the book daunting.

Martin Bernal
Department of Government
Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.

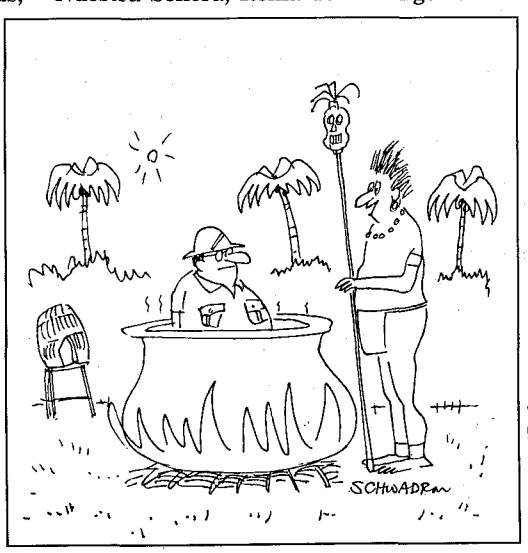
Ave Maria

William Rickenbacker ["Notes & Asides," May 19] informs us that "L.A. is not 'the City of Angels.' It is La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora, Reina de los Angeles—the City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels."

I once consulted a local historian at the University of Southern California who told me that the original and proper name was El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles de Porciuncula. This title was that of a chapel built by St. Francis near Assisi.

As one travels through California on the highways it's possible to recite a litany of the saints as one passes through many cities and towns of Franciscan dedication. It's an offense to piety and poetry to have the Marian name of our major city reduced to "City of Angels."

Roland Thorwaldsen
Rector
St. Stephen's Parish
Beaumont, Calif.



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"Why so glum? Cheer up! Life is short."

Still Fighting for Bork

I was pleased to see NATIONAL REVIEW's review of my new book, *Ninth Justice* ["Right Books," April 30]. Some brief comments are in order, however.

First, I make it quite clear myself, without the help of the reviewer, Geoffrey Morris, that it was unfair to lose my temper at the young replacement worker at the NBC affiliate who had the unfortunate duty of telling me my segment had been scrapped. I included the story because it illustrated the sort of consistent unfair treatment Judge Bork's supporters received at the hands of the media.

Second, my co-author, Dawn Weyrich, covered the Bork confirmation as a reporter for American Press International, and now covers the U.S. Supreme Court for the *Washington Times*. She was not involved in support of (or opposition to) Judge Bork, and Mr. Morris's inclusion of her near the end of his review as one of those who were "outpoliticked" is incorrect. I asked Dawn Weyrich to tell the story of the Bork fight in straight narration precisely so that the book would have a fair, chronological framework within which the story of the pro-Bork activists could be set.

Third, I can answer Mr. Morris's question about what will happen when/if there is ever a nomination by a Democratic President of a liberal judicial activist. A major, bitter confrontation will ensue. Most probably that nominee will be defeated, especially if Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe is the choice. It is possible that a moderate judicial nominee would be confirmed with little controversy.

Fourth, as the book makes clear again and again, the work I per-

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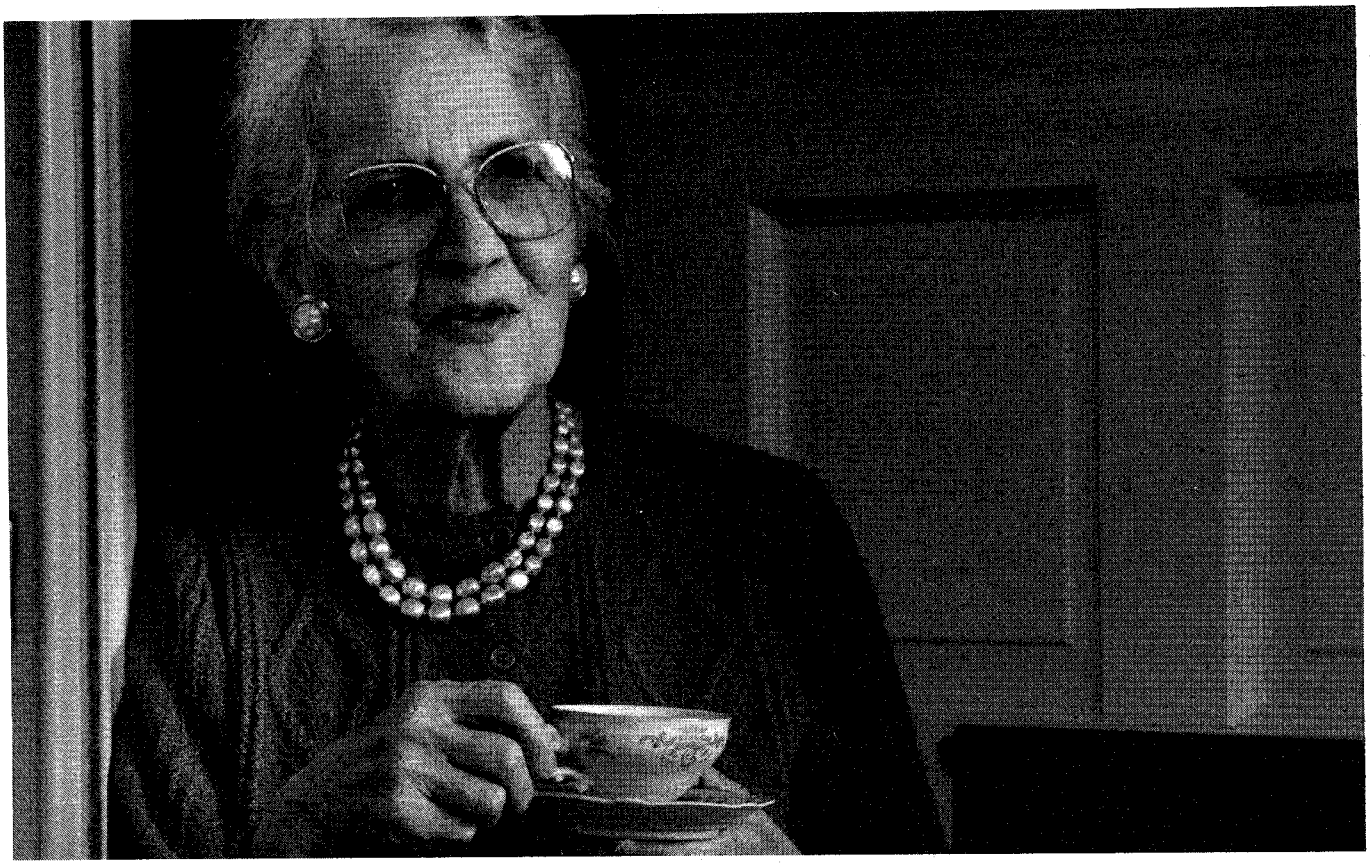

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formed on behalf of Judge Bork's confirmation was done for Coalitions for America, a 501 c 4 lobbying organization, which—in close cooperation with the American Conservative Union, another 501 c 4—coordinated the pro-Bork efforts of the outside groups. The Free Congress Foundation is a 501 c 3 educational organization which does not devote substantial resources to lobbying activities.

Patrick B. McGuigan
Washington, D.C.

Double Miscue

In these days of heightened sensitivity, one is hard put to write something that offends no one.

Having acknowledged that, I was nonetheless shocked to read in "The Week" [April 1] these words: "It's bad enough being crazy, but now they don't even want to let you smoke. New York City's biggest looney bin, Kings County Hospital Center, has banned all smoking . . . "

First, your choice of words—"crazy" and "looney"—must be condemned as unconsionable. Such usage cannot pass, even as an attempt at humor to lighten your message about smoking. Such usage cruelly ridicules the numerous unfortunate victims of mental illness, a condition that the preponderance of scientific opinion today holds to have a physiological basis.

Second, I write as the mother of a daughter who was confined first for some weeks in a local hospital and then at McLean Hospital for severe depression. At both these institutions, and subsequently at an alternative home, smoking was then allowed, and she, a nonsmoker, was forced to be either with a roommate who smoked or to frequent general rooms, where smoking was rife. She was there essentially involuntarily because of her illness, and didn't need the additional aggravation of her allergies and the additional hazard to her health. What about her rights and the rights of other nonsmokers?

Mrs. B. D. Wright
West Newton, Mass.

Policy or Concession?

William McGurn ["Divvying Up the Peace Dividend," April 30] is still too sanguine about the mad rush to disarm. For example, in regard to the transfer of the 401st Tactical Fighter Wing from Spain to Italy, McGurn claims this is an "integral part of our move from a land-based army structure tied down to Central Europe to an air-based plan able to strike north to Europe, east to the Middle East, and south to North Africa." No one, however, should get the impression that strategy is guiding current changes.

First, our capability to strike by air the regions that McGurn listed will not be increased. We will not be sending more aircraft to Europe; indeed we will have fewer there in the future. The shift from a land to an air strategy will be due to the withdrawal of land combat units. Rather than having adopted a bold new stance, we will be *confined* to the air option because we will lack the strength for anything else.

Second, the preference for air over land strategies recalls the ill-fated Nixon doctrine, which became a rhetorical cover for the Vietnam syndrome.

The temptation to believe in a "push-button" solution that avoids the dirty business of fighting must be resisted. Bombing campaigns may serve a punitive purpose, but unconnected to ground campaigns they lack the means to bring a conflict to a conclusion. They can damage an enemy, but they cannot wrestle away territory or replace a hostile regime with a friendly one. Thus, from Korea to Panama, it has still been the task of the infantry to advance "politics by other means." Even in interdiction, the bomber is only successful if ground forces are available for offensive action during the period when the enemy's supplies are disrupted. It is ironic that after the Vietnam War demonstrated the limitations of air power as an independent arm in conventional war, the "lesson" learned has been to cut the army and place more emphasis on bombing.

The Left has not misunderstood. The World Policy Institute has proposed that the army be cut to 11 divisions by 1994 and to seven by 1997, compared to the Bush–Cheney plan to cut it to 15 divisions by 1994, with additional unspecified cuts by 1997. The WPI stated that its aim is the "precluding of U.S. intervention in regional conflicts except for humanitarian purposes and UN-sanctioned peacekeeping efforts." Given the budget projections of the Democrats, something like the WPI agenda will become a reality unless conservatives renew their commitment to American military strength in what is still a dangerous world.

William R. Hawkins
President
Hamilton Center for National Strategy
Knoxville, Tenn.

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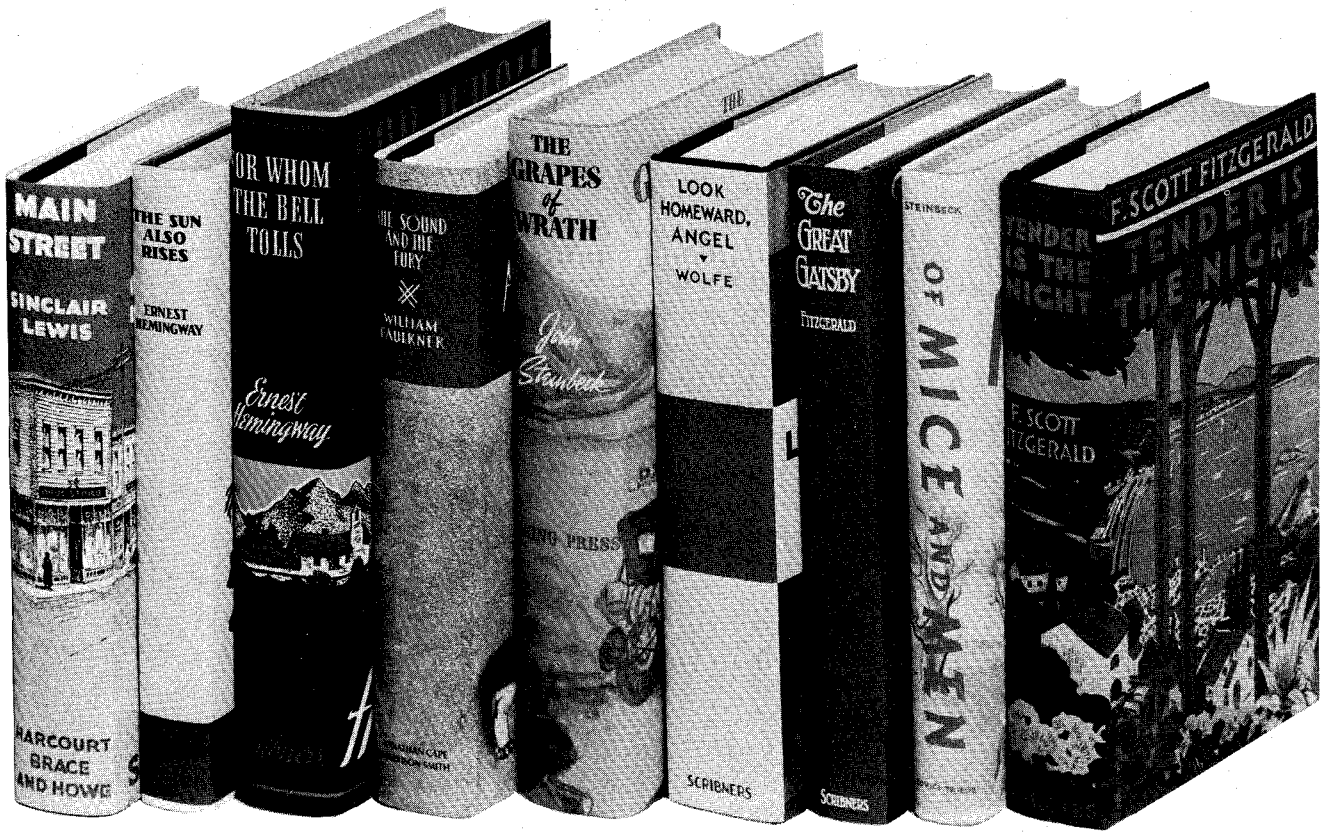

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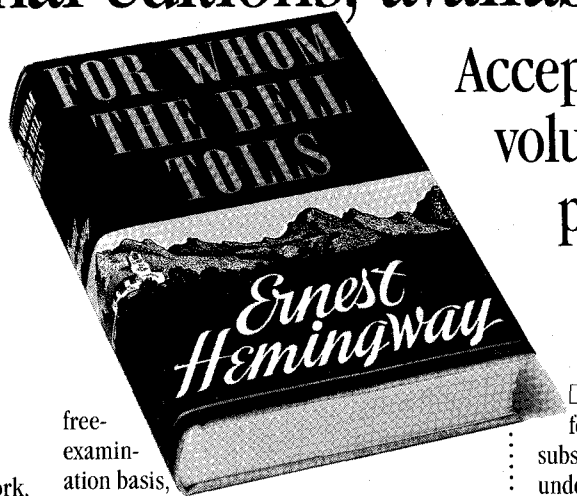

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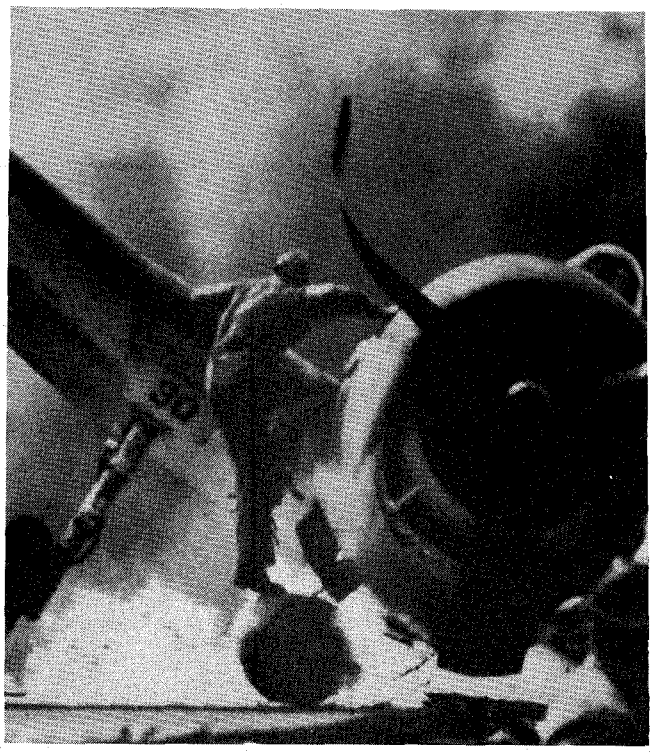

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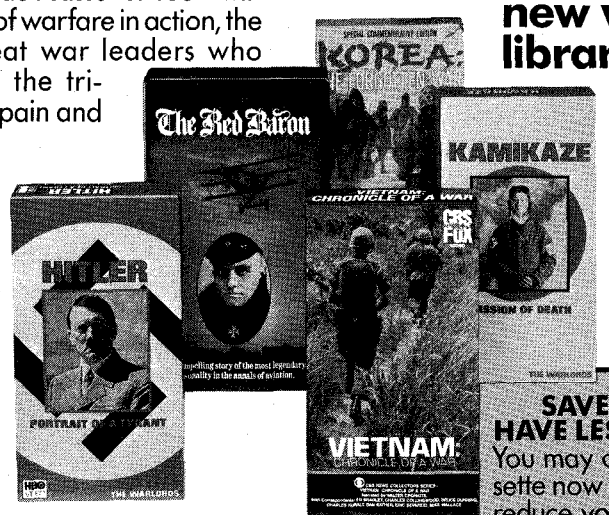

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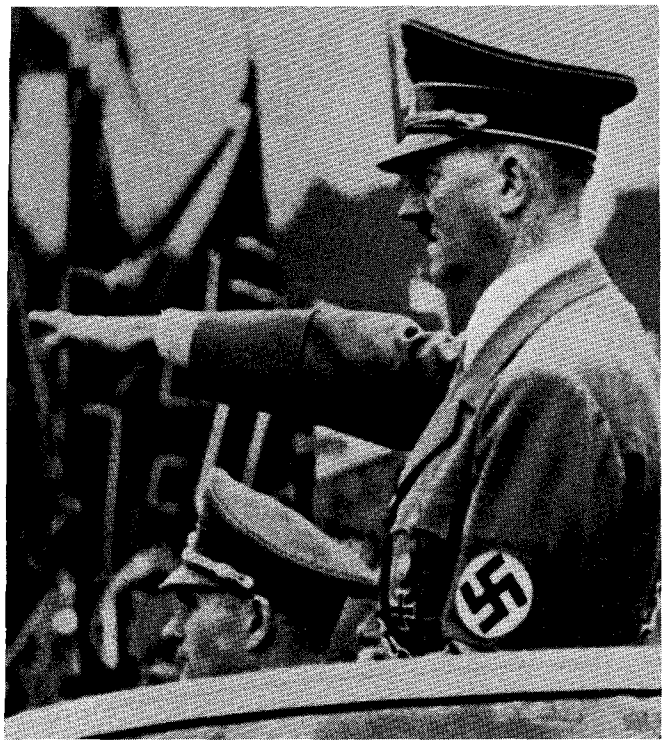

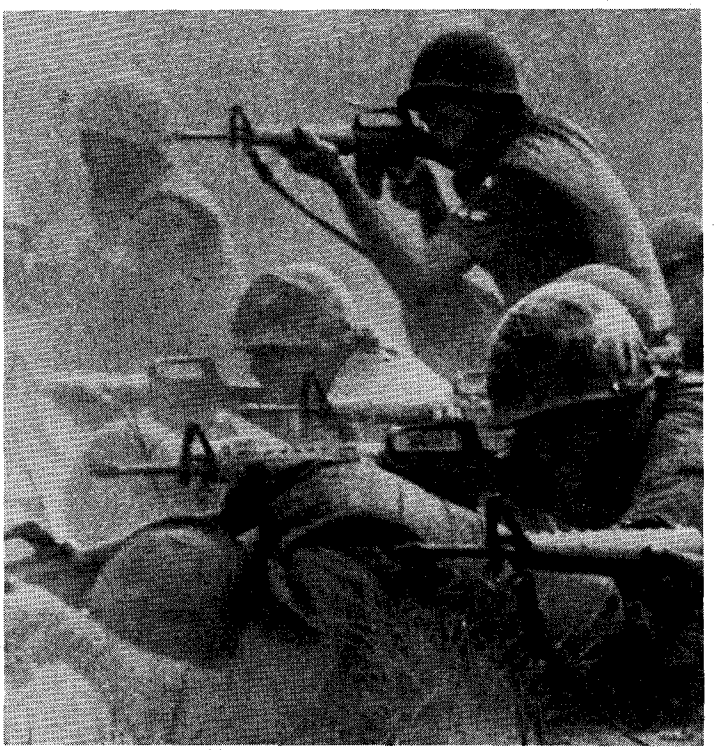

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FROM THE EDITOR

Time and Time Again

■ *Time* magazine's interview with Mikhail Gorbachev was, well, *Timely*. That is to say, it was just like its last interview with Mr. Gorbachev in 1985—breathless and lovestruck.

Opined *Time* at the time: "He laughs easily." His eyes were neither "harsh nor kind" but "big and strong, and sometimes quick too." His voice was "extraordinary, deep but also quite soft . . . low and melodious."

With the sure touch of a Harlequin Romance writer, however, *Time* focused on Mr. Gorbachev's hands. I quote my *American Spectator* column:

" 'The hands have a variety of functions,' [*Time*] tells us in the incontestable style of a medical textbook. The right hand holds his glasses. It occasionally manipulates them to emphasize a point. So far, so normal. Other people's hands do that kind of thing and no one remarks on it. But what about the left hand? Perhaps that is more versatile.

" 'The left hand talks.' Now *that's* news. Nor does that gifted left hand confine itself to trivial conversation. It 'lectures' and 'declaims'—but there is no mention of whether or not it 'laughs easily.' "

Five years later, *Time*'s editors still have a fit of the vapors at their Hero's approach. His "energy and self-confidence" are "legendary." He is "polished, quite at home in his Kremlin office with the modern furniture . . ." Wow. He "sternly" addresses one *Timeman* as Comrade Editor, then "with a laugh," changes this to Mr. Editor, provoking another *Timeman* to reflect: "He was more in command of the situation than any American politician I have ever seen."

Give me a break, I thought. Then I read the interview, and he was. Thus:

Q: "In the wake of the elections in Eastern Europe, why do you believe so many citizens who have experienced Communism for four decades seem to be rejecting that philosophy and political system?"

A: "Well, they don't just 'seem' to be rejecting that system—they are rejecting it. But what they are rejecting is the lack of freedom; they're rejecting a system that has done violence to their national character and national rights; they're rejecting ossified ways of thinking. . . ."

This is perilously close to "evil empire" talk. And although the Soviet president went on to endorse a utopian "socialism" as divorced from reality as the Big Rock Candy Mountain, he plainly disconcerted *Time* by expressing views which in Ronald Reagan the editors would have disdained as primitive superstition.

These are trying times for Western journalists whose reputation for sophisticated analysis has been built upon the simple technique of always advocating a diluted version of what the Soviets were demanding. For they can no longer forecast with any confidence what the Soviets will demand. It is dreadfully confusing for them. I almost sympathize.

■ Every cloud has a silver lining. *Time*'s over-investment in Gorbachev has encouraged a refreshing skepticism about the Soviet leader in *Newsweek*. Their recent issues have covered his troubles at home, other possible leaders, and the challenge from Boris Yeltsin. Somehow, I don't think that *Newsweek* will be getting exclusive interviews any time soon.

■ Our own view of Gorbachev, advanced in our January 22 issue and still standing, was that he is "a brilliant improviser, trying anything once. . . . As each stage [of reform] has produced major problems, so he has leapt nimbly onto the next like a man keeping his balance on barrels rolling downhill. He is formidably agile. But the barrels will reach the bottom of the hill at some point."

Today, the barrels are near the bottom of the hill. Will *Time*'s Man of the Decade make it to 1991?

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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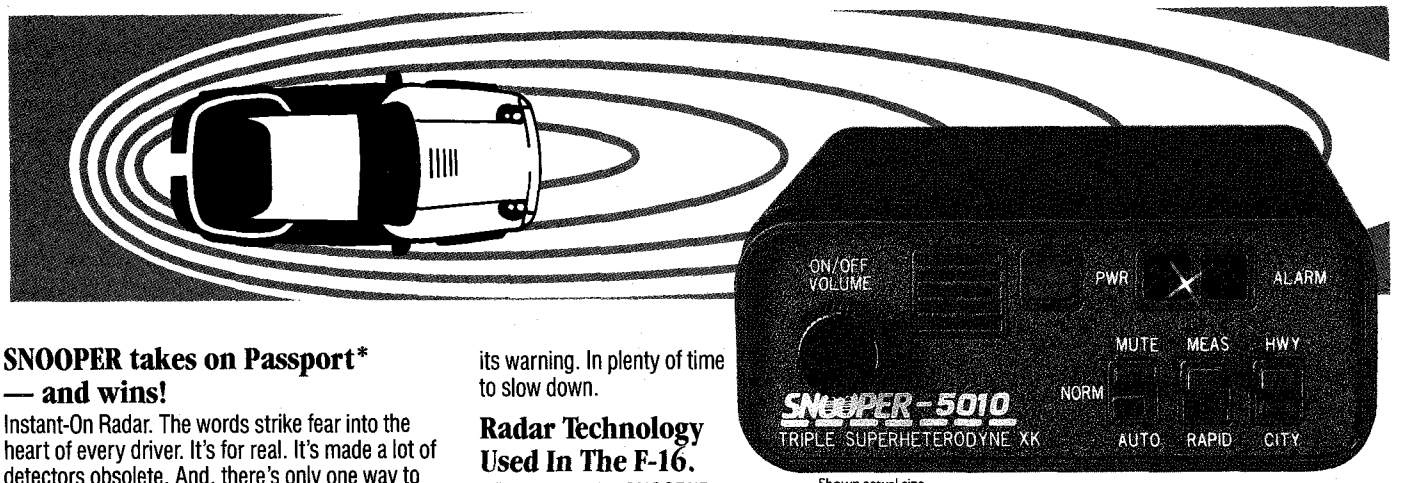

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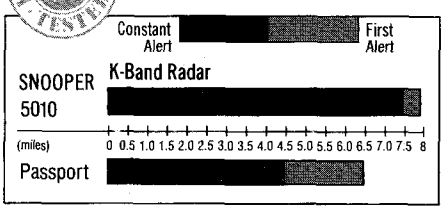

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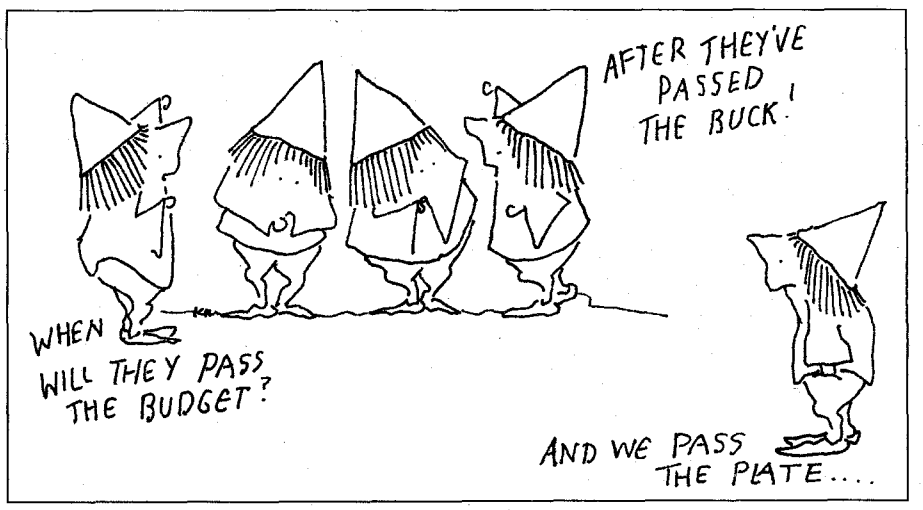
ON THE RECORD

■ More Massachusetts miracles: It took considerable arm-twisting by Democratic State Senate leader **William Bolger** to get maverick Democratic gubernatorial candidate **John Silber** the 15 per cent of convention delegates he needed to qualify for primary in September (Silber's margin was just 22 votes). Why would Bolger help open the field to the Boston U president? Because latest *Boston Herald* poll showed 28 per cent of Massachusetts Democrats favoring Silber, compared to 23 per cent for Lt. Gov. **Evelyn Murphy** and 19 per cent for former Attorney General **Frank Bellotti**. Bellotti won the party's endorsement, but Bolger and the **Dukakis** forces feared that if Silber were denied place on ballot, moderate and conservative Democrats would bolt to GOP. . . . In New York, Republicans chose a political unknown, economist **Pierre Rinfret**, as their gubernatorial candidate against **Mario Cuomo**. *New York Times* reporter **Sam Roberts** says the Manhattan GOP leader, State Senator **Roy Goodman**, and a friend came across Rinfret's name while flipping through their telephone directories in search of a candidate. . . . In Pennsylvania's gubernatorial race, the GOP is so embarrassed by abysmal primary performance of its pro-choice candidate, **Barbara Hafer** (she just managed to edge out a pro-lifer who had been in the race only ten days), that **Kevin Phillips** says party leaders hope she will pull out. State's Democratic Gov. **Bob Casey** is anti-abortion. . . . In Idaho, where abortion will be a major factor in November, Republicans have nominated pro-lifer **Roger Fairchild** against Gov. **Cecil Andrus**, who recently vetoed a restrictive abortion law. . . . Good news for Republicans in Ohio gubernatorial battle, where former Cleveland Mayor **George Voinovich** has lengthened his lead over Democrat **Anthony Celebrezze**: it was 46 to 39 in January, 53 to 39 in May (*Columbus Dispatch*). . . . And in Texas, **Clayton Williams** is ten to 12 points ahead of **Ann Richards** in polls.

■ What's going on here? State Department spokesman **Lars Hydle**, called upon to explain why **Tim Wheeler**, columnist for Communist *People's Daily World*, was invited to give May Day talk at State Department's Open Forum, pointed out that State is even-handed in its invitations. Hydle says State once invited **Reagan** NSC aide (and *NR* contributor) **Constantine Menges** to address the Open Forum. . . . **Reed Irvine**, of Accuracy in Media, wants to know why **Hugh Byrne**, political director of CISPES—a pro-FMLN (Salvadoran guerrillas) front founded in U.S. by a member of Salvadoran Communist Party—was asked to appear on Voice of America's *Report to the Americas*. Byrne told VOA audience that the FMLN does not "depend on outside forces" for its support in the field. . . . A recent Gallup poll indicates 31 per cent of Salvadorans blame Nicaragua for continued terrorism in their country, and 18 per cent blame Cuba. Same poll shows President **Alfredo Cristiani** with 72 per cent approval rating. And, pace **Chris Dodd**, 55 per cent of Salvadorans say the FMLN guerrillas are more brutal than government forces. . . . The radical *Guardian* is appalled at Procter & Gamble's threat to withdraw advertising from any television or radio station that carries **Ed Asner** commercials urging a boycott of Folgers coffee (a P&G product) because the coffee comes from El Salvador.

■ Harvard has said thanks, but no thanks, to **Jesse Jackson**'s offer to mediate the law-school squabble over minority tenure. . . . The Green Committees of Correspondence, which seek to monitor environmental issues, will meet in Boulder, Colorado, September 12–16. A split is expected between the Greens who want to move into electoral politics, European Green–style, and those who favor taking their battles to the streets. . . . *Guardian* reports a successful blockading of a Minneapolis garbage incinerator on **Earth Day**, organized by, we kid you not, the Revolutionary Anarchist Bowling League, Lesbians against Imperialism, and anti-authoritarian women's group Tornado Warning. . . . Color them gay: Gays plan to issue their own turquoise Pride credit card in Seattle during Gay Pride Week, and in Manhattan the Empire State Building will be bathed in delicate lavender.

■ Smith College's graduating seniors got a rollicking look at government from UPI White House correspondent **Helen Thomas**, who regaled them with presidential anecdotes. **Midge Constanza** on **Jimmy Carter**: "I don't mind Carter being born again, but did he have to come back as himself?" **Bill Moyers** to **LBJ**, who told him to "speak up" when he was saying grace: "I wasn't talking to you, Mr. President." And Ronald Reagan, when told that the Sandinistas had fired on a press plane near the Honduran border: "There's some good in everyone."



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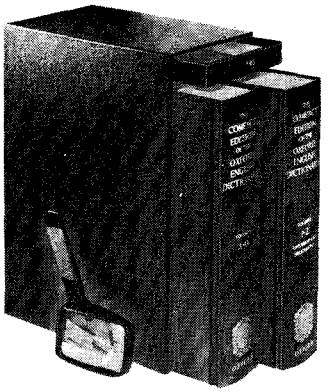

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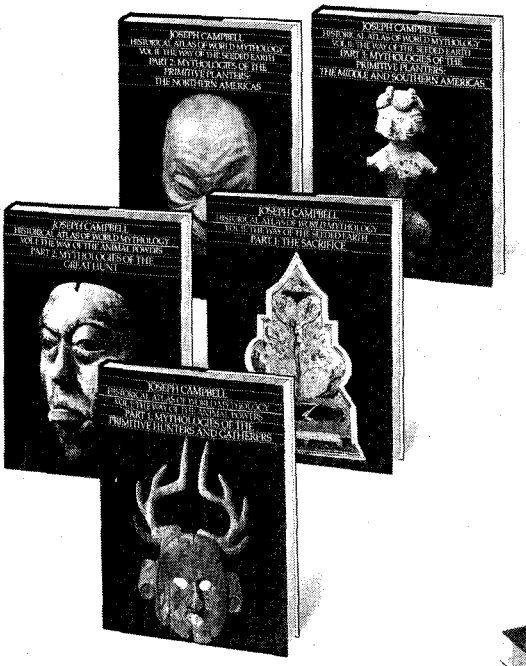

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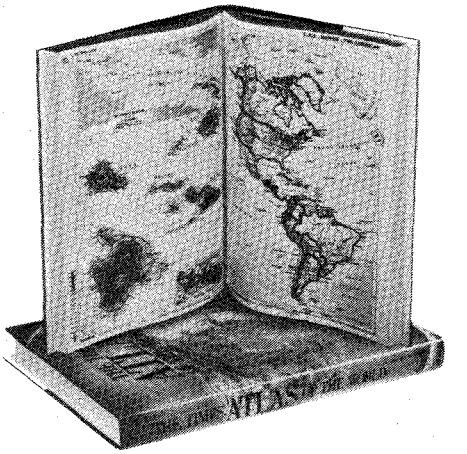

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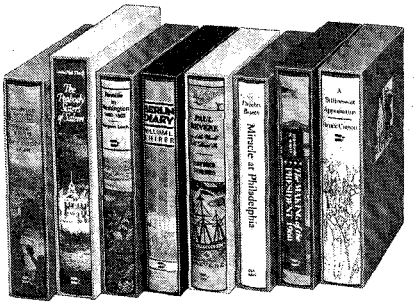

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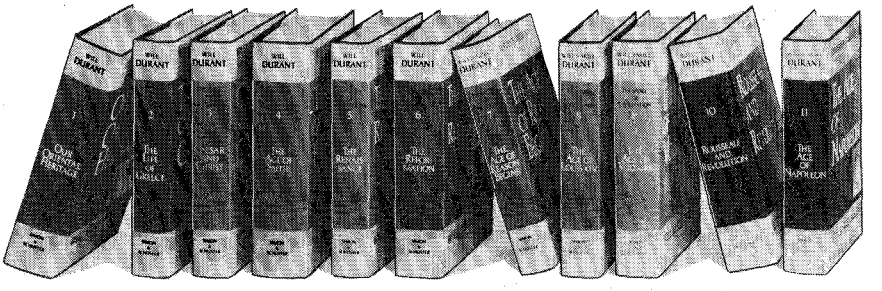

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THE WEEK

■ Boris Yeltsin is immensely popular, a roaring champion of free markets and local autonomy. And yet the Bush Administration doesn't seem to like him. Maybe he's too much like Reagan.

■ By an 8 to 1 vote, the Supreme Court has ruled that kids can hold their own prayer meetings on public-school property and yes, the ACLU objects, as do People for the American Way, the American Jewish Congress, and the Anti-Defamation League. Like "civil rights," the phrase "civil liberties" is getting a peculiar odor. When will these civil libertarians acknowledge that the free exercise of religion doesn't necessarily violate the First Amendment?

■ David Durenberger, senator from Minnesota, is under investigation for submitting his Minneapolis condo bills to the public treasury for reimbursement (he says he really lives with his parents); also, for one of those congressional book deals, under which he got paid $100,000 to promote two of his own books (who *are* their agents?). We say, the Constitution protects lawmakers from arrest while they are going about their business, and common sense tells us that their main business is looking after themselves, so what's the problem?

■ There is special interest in the Connecticut gubernatorial race because of the entry of Lowell Weicker, who, having done everything he could to make Washington uninhabitable, is retreating to his home state. The situation is roughly as follows: The Democrats have a solid left-winger (Bruce Morrison) running. The Republicans have a good young Republican (John Rowland), who however faces a primary fight if the contender (Joel Schiovone) is able to pick up 20 per cent of the delegates, who meet in mid July. Connecticut is in terrible financial condition and Dukakis-bound unless spending is reduced and emigration halted. Asked what will be his program, the normally logorrheic Weicker (running as an independent) replies that he will vouchsafe the voters that knowledge after he is elected. There is no reason to suppose that Big Spender Senator Weicker would become Cautious Spender Governor Weicker. Meanwhile, conservative voters in Connecticut are storming the pharmacies for ear plugs to protect against Weickerhetoric.

■ Lest we forget: The Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982 (TEFRA) was passed with the understanding that every $1 in additional revenue would be accompanied by $2 in spending cuts; in fact, each additional tax dollar spawned a $1.58 increase in spending.

■ A "budget summit" is a meeting of federal leaders to discuss all possible means to avoid having a real budget.

■ Median black family income is about $19,820, versus $34,222 for whites. Blacks who applied for home mortgages in 1989 were more than twice as likely to be rejected (29 per cent) as whites (13 per cent). Does either set of statistics indicate discrimination? Employers who pay workers on the basis of race rather than productivity are simply cutting their own throat. The same with bankers who reject the more credit-worthy black. In fact, the recently released mortgage data, which to Senator Alan J. Dixon of Illinois "demonstrates that discrimination in mortgage lending still exists in this country," contains no information about the income or credit history of applicants, or the size of the mortgages applied for. We do not know, on the basis of the data presented to the Senate, whether the number of black applicants or of rejections has increased. We do know that the rejection rate for whites as well as blacks rose last year, and that a number of economic factors, including higher real interest rates and more stringent bank regulations, would have produced higher rejection rates anyway.

■ Marion Barry is finally going on trial, plea bargaining having apparently failed to resolve the case. Eleven of the charges he faces are misdemeanors (drugs) but three are felonies (perjury). How he'll make out in the courtroom is anybody's guess, but Barry is covering himself politically by charging that he's the victim of a vendetta and that the Feds tried to kill him by setting him up for a drug overdose. He expects this line to play well with his black constitu-

The Hustler

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ents, many of whom are slightly paranoiac about white officialdom. Barry is a demagogue, a liar, and a Renaissance man of degeneracy, but he has a point: extraordinary resources were devoted to trapping him into an act of criminal behavior. He should have been removed by the voters, who will be less disposed to throw him out as a result of the government's tactics. We don't envy the judge who will have to sentence him.

■ Speaking of Mayor Barry, more and more public figures—athletes, politicians, entertainers—are pleading "addiction" in the court of public opinion these days. Even sex is now said to be an addiction—along with gambling, impulse shopping, and other non-chemical modes of behavior. The idea seems to be that once bad behavior becomes a habit, it becomes fate, and you can't be held responsible any more. Weakness of character is rapidly becoming its own defense.

■ Is there no Marxist orthodoxy left? Even suspicious, Stalinist Albania has begun understanding democratic reforms. President Ramiz Alia met recently with foreign journalists in Tirana, just as Albanian and American diplomats were meeting officially for the first time in fifty years. Moreover, "the first atheist state in the world" may soon allow religion. What's next? The return of the Great Books to Stanford?

■ Buried in the *New York Times* under the MEGO-ish (My Eyes Glaze Over) headline, "Rumania Is Reported in Nuclear Deal with India," is the information that the new East German government had "disclosed that it possessed 24 Soviet short-range SS-23 missiles and was scrapping them." The *Times* continues: "Soviet officials later informed the Bush Administration that the Soviet military had transferred SS-23 missiles to Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, as well as to East Germany, asserting that this was done without the knowledge of the top political leadership in Moscow." The existence of these SS-23s had apparently been unknown in Washington. As we celebrate President Bush's new arms deal with President Gorbachev, we might ponder the implications of the missiles for treaty verifications.

■ While courts and ACLU lawyers struggle to banish the last echoes of Christianity from public life, a federal court in California is wrestling with the question of whether laws against prostitution violate the free-exercise clause of the First Amendment. The case concerns the Church of the Most High Goddess, which worships Isis, the Egyptian fertility goddess, as follows: Male worshippers stop by to see the high priestess, who gives them "absolution" in bed for a "sacrifice" of $100 per visit. The high priestess gave several thousand absolutions herself, and employed as many as ten junior priestesses, before being arrested on suspicion of running a bawdy house. The court has graciously allowed her to defend the proposition that this is constitutionally protected religion.

■ Mainline Protestant churches are finding that their young ministers can't cut it in the inner city, where a congregation must attract minority members to grow, reports the *New York Times*. The ministers—many of whom nowadays are women and gay men—complain that they don't get enough financial and moral support. In fact, the problem is the clergy themselves. Raised on liberation theology and cultural liberalism in the Establishment divinity schools, they're trained for brie and white wine, not fire and brimstone. They can handle soup kitchens and pro-Sandinista rallies, but not the Word of the Lord. "Neither the congregations nor the ministers understand that black folks don't want to go to a mission every Sunday where they pick up food stamps and surplus cheese. Black folks want to know that their church is a place where they can meet Jesus," says the Reverend A. Thomas Board, a black United Church of Christ pastor. The inner-city churches that are growing, says Board, "put religion first, and the social stuff second." And they don't work off liberal guilt: "Black folks don't want to go to a church that wants them to know they are oppressed. *Their* religion tells them that they are the children of God."

■ Freddy "Action" Jackson is a Lincoln–Mercury dealer in Fairfax, Virginia, who offers discounts to Christians and, yes, the ACLU is already on the case. So is the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, whose state director calls Jackson's mixing of business and religion "repugnant" and "obnoxious." The free exercise of religion is all very well, provided it doesn't violate the constitutional separation of church and showroom.

■ The Pentagon has found that the best place to train doctors to dress combat wounds is on the nearby streets of Washington, D.C.

■ Campus conservative newspapers are blooming like tulips in Holland, the latest being the *Washington and Lee Spectator* and, at Holy Cross, the *Fenwick Review*. Both are witty and vigorous. Meanwhile, the ancestor of them all, the *Dartmouth Review*, is this year celebrating its tenth anniversary, to the consternation of knaves and fools everywhere.

■ Best commencement advice so far this season, by Chevy Chase, speaking at Bard College: "Avoid fatty foods. Avoid smoking, drugs, Bensonhurst, the Gaza Strip, bungi jumping, humorless people, bad music,

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fashion, weight training, and hair-care products. Oh, and one more thing. Never tell the truth. Embellish, patronize, pander, use hyperbole, braggadocio, mollify, but never actually tell the truth. . . . Your job is to act. Keep the dream alive. Also, never call me."

Summits: Getting The Symbolism Wrong

AMERICAN Presidents should avoid Summit meetings, because they tend to be symbolic acts, and dealing with the Soviet Union we seem doomed to get the symbolism wrong. In July 1979, Jimmy Carter embraced Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna only months before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. In Washington last week, it was George Bush's turn to make the wrong gesture, signing a trade agreement even as Gorbachev was strangling Lithuania.

There were other concessions to the Soviet Union, including a framework agreement for an arms-reduction treaty that provides for cutting missile stockpiles by 30 per cent despite the Soviets' intensive modernization of their heavy-missile arsenal, and an agreement to reduce chemical-weapons stocks that is completely unverifiable. But none of these defined the present state of U.S.–Soviet relations as well as the trade agreement, which was undertaken at a time when, by varying estimates, Lithuania had no more than thirty days of fuel left before it would have to surrender to Soviet economic pressure and return, however reluctantly, to the Soviet fold.

It could be argued that the trade agreement is meaningless because Congress is unlikely to approve it. Yet the mere act of signing it at this time can only reinforce Gorbachev in his efforts to hold on to each of the Soviet Union's rebellious republics, while convincing three million Lithuanians that in facing the Soviet Union they do not have even the moral support of the outside world.

Mr. Bush's gesture is all the more ill considered in that, ultimately, it will be not only devastating for Lithuania but harmful to the Soviet Union itself.

The essence of power in the Soviet Union lies in the exercise of centralized economic control by the political authorities. This combination of economic and political power is so effective in holding together a multi-national empire that the center can cede a measure of political power to popular movements in the various republics, as it has already done, and still be assured of controlling the life of the republic in question through its control of its economy.

The system can only function, however, so long as the economy itself does not break down. The drama of the present situation lies in the fact that the Soviet economy, whose inherent defects have been grossly exacerbated by Gorbachev's half-baked attempts to reform it, is now near collapse.

Faced with this situation, the Soviet Union stands at a historic crossroads. It can either sacrifice the rebellious internal empire and adopt meaningful economic reforms; or it can preserve the empire while jettisoning reform and guaranteeing a future catastrophe. All of Gorbachev's actions so far suggest that he has chosen the latter alternative.

Lithuania is the obvious case in point. Almost from the beginning of his period as leader, Gorbachev has denounced the "command administrative system" for its stifling of initiative and stupendous waste of resources. But the moment Lithuania announced its independence, Gorbachev discovered that the command administrative system has its advantages: he shut off oil and gas to Lithuania.

Even the most minimal economic freedom in the Soviet Union would have greatly strengthened the Lithuanians' hand. A free market in wholesale trade, for example, would have allowed them to buy some of the large quantities of oil and gas held in reserve by Soviet enterprises. In fact, a free market in wholesale trade was discussed as the first step toward a market economy in 1987, but it still has not been implemented. In Lithuania, at least 40 per cent of the major enterprises, including the most important ones, are run directly by Moscow ministries, receiving their supplies from outside Lithuania and sending their production out, making them all but immune to local control.

In the summer of 1989, of 211 specific food products in the Soviet Union, it was possible to buy freely only 23. This is a direct result of the breakdown of the centralized Soviet economic system. If the Soviet Union wants to free itself of the shackles of that system, however, it is going to have to consent to the freedom of others.

The Soviet empire should be dismantled expeditiously, peacefully, and in the interests of economic progress. That is the message—and not the false encouragement of trade agreements—that President Bush should be conveying to the Soviet leader.

That's How It Is

Mr. Bush can tax my booze,
Hike the gasoline I use,
Or impose a user fee
On all whores from sea to sea;
But if he unwisely jacks
Rates up on my income tax,
I'll be horrid and uncouth
When I reach the voting booth.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Hobbling of America

ONCE UPON a time, the discipline of economics was known as political economy. The old-fashioned name was not just verbal padding but a recognition that the way in which a nation was organized legally had a great deal to do with the balancing of the national books. The nation's books have looked very good for the last eight years, a piece of good fortune that was not inevitable and that is not eternal. The laws—specifically, the tax rate cut of 1981—were responsible. Different, and worse, laws would produce different conditions.

Is the White House sufficiently aware of these elementary truths? The question arises because of the Administration's response to three legal assaults on the nation's economic good health mounted this spring. The new Clean Air Act (signed), and the Americans with Disabilities bill and the Kennedy–Hawkins civil-rights bill (still pending), all place onerous new restrictions on employers and businesses. Clean Air, for instance, will require expensive retrofitting of equipment of even quite small companies, in order to meet draconian pollution targets; Ken-

RIGHT DATA

Crime Pays

DRUGS, DEMOGRAPHICS, poverty, unemployment. Each undeniably plays a role in fostering criminal behavior. But according to the economic theory of crime, criminals are essentially rational individuals. They chose a career in crime only after weighing the expected benefits against the expected costs.

The cost of crime to criminals, as measured by the likelihood of imprisonment, has fallen dramatically over the past three decades. A study by the Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis (NCPA) uncovers a political facet to this trend:

Crime and Punishment

Administration	Felony Crimes (Annual Average)	Imprisonment (Annual Average)	Probability of Imprisonment (Percentage)
Eisenhower	2,567,398	81,643	3.18
Kennedy	3,783,223	90,140	2.38
Johnson	5,430,226	80,570	1.48
Nixon	8,211,400	99,784	1.22
Ford	10,938,290	120,936	1.11
Carter	11,879,100	131,835	1.11
Reagan	12,677,135	184,828	1.46

The odds started to tilt dramatically in favor of criminals during the Johnson years, when the number of people sent to state and federal prison actually declined. Nixon made law and order a political issue, and by the Ford Administration annual imprisonments were 50 per cent higher than the average for the Johnson years. The rise in imprisonments slowed during the Carter years.

An abrupt change for the better occurred during the Reagan years. Between 1981 and 1986 (the latest figures available) the rate of growth of serious crimes fell slightly, while the number of criminals going to prison increased by more than 37 per cent. Overall, criminals faced a 32 per cent higher probability of incarceration during the Reagan years than during the Carter or Ford years. Still, the probability of doing time for criminal activity today is less than half what it was during the Eisenhower years, and, to make matters worse, prison overcrowding has resulted in shorter prison sentences. The NCPA study calculates that after taking into account the probabilities of arrest, prosecution, conviction, and imprisonment, a perpetrator of a serious crime in the United States today can expect to spend about eight days in prison. In 1950 criminals could expect to spend 24 days in prison. The revolving door is spinning three times as fast now.

We are unlikely to reduce the crime rate to the level of the 1950s without first raising the expected cost of crime to criminals to the levels prevailing then. This invariably will require more prison space. America is already in the midst of the biggest prison construction boom in history: at the end of 1989 prisons held 235,000 more convicts than six years earlier, a rise of 53.5 per cent. One out of every 364 Americans is now in prison, and with another 296,000 in local jails, 362,000 on parole, and 2.4 million on probation, one out of every 69 Americans is currently in the purview of the corrections establishment.

With prison construction costs averaging $50,000 per bed, financially strapped states are likely to resist further expansion. A short-sighted policy considering that crimes committed by each released prisoner are estimated to cost society about $430,000 in losses to the victims.

—Ed Rubenstein

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nedy–Hawkins will compel businesses to labor under quota systems in order to avoid suits in which they would have the burden of proving their innocence. Yet the Bush Administration has looked with a mild and friendly eye on all three efforts.

At the precise moment when the world is heading toward a higher level of economic integration—as socialism crumbles, and as Europe from Ireland to the Oder (possibly to the Polish border) draws together—congressional utopians are pushing to load the U.S. economy with new burdens. We will have to run faster and faster even to stay in place, and Congress wants us to wear lead shoes. And so far, unhappily, George Bush has helped lace them on.

New York's Un-GOP

THE POWERS THAT BE in the New York State Republican Party, faced with the prospect of nominating a conservative, Herb London, finally found a warm body to fill the slot and spare them the disagreeable task. It belongs to Pierre Rinfret, or rahn-FRAY, as the papers took to calling him, since no one in politics had heard of him, ever. Mr. Rinfret, an economist who had worked for four Presidents (two Democrats, two Republicans), was willing to spend half a million dollars of his own money on the race, seemingly his critical qualification, and the party convention ratified the choice forthwith.

Mr. Rinfret proceeded to confess to reporters his ignorance of state affairs. He criticized former New York City mayor Ed Koch in an interview, while praising the current mayor, David Dinkins—which is to say, he attacked the closest thing to a conservative in the state Democratic Party, while hailing his liberal-left successor. Most seriously, he is solidly pro-abortion, a position which the state party convention unanimously adopted. Is this the way to fight Mario Cuomo or is it the way to apply for a summer internship in the governor's office?

The President Places His Bet

The whole wad rides on Gorbachev
  Who, as he rounds the turn,
Has thrown a shoe, while flecks of foam
  Are causing some concern,
Exacerbated by a move
  By Yeltsin at the rail;
Which doesn't faze the President,
  Though Gorbachev turned pale.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Republicans do propose to attack Governor Cuomo on taxes and the death penalty, both hot issues. But family issues are hot buttons, too, or could be, if approached intelligently. Pro-abortionists are against parental consent. Are New York voters, even "pro-choice" ones, with them? For Mr. Rinfret and his handlers, though, they are gone, gone with the wind.

For many years, the New York Republican Party was a bastion of liberalism, the Rockefellerite resistance to the currents that produced Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan. Nelson Rockefeller is long gone, and so is his money, and the party has fallen on hard times. There will be harder times yet, so long as a dwindling band of liberals gets to run pushover nobodies for the governorship. Fortunately, Herb London is still in the race, on the Conservative Party line. Real Republicans won't have to think very hard about whom to vote for.

Bok Steps Down

PRESIDENT Derek Bok of Harvard is stepping down after a quiet incumbency of 19 years. Quiet is what the Harvard Corporation wanted from Bok. His predecessor, Nathan Pusey, retired after the tumultuous Vietnam years. A learned Episcopalian gentleman, President Pusey was ill-suited to understanding civil disobedience and revolutionary violence, let alone dealing with it. Derek Bok—who had been serving as dean of the law school—was seen, correctly, as a skilled negotiator who could restore order and gain the acceptance of various factions in the faculty.

He has had his problems, most notably the fissure in the law school between mainstream legal scholars and the insurgent Marxists of the Critical Legal Studies movement. In his quiet way, Bok has been tilting against the "Crits," and there is reason to hope that his old law school will regain its traditional high stature.

Bok, however, was not an educational leader but an administrator. Claims that Harvard has re-established a "core curriculum" of essential studies during his tenure are bogus. Harvard merely swept dozens of introductory courses into a "core" category. The requirement has no coherence or focus.

There is reason to question, moreover, whether a university president today can be an educational leader. It is no accident that on the landscape of higher education there is no one now of the stature of Nicholas Murray Butler, Ernest Martin Hopkins, Woodrow Wilson, Robert Maynard Hutchins, or James Bryant Conant. The only university president today who at all reminds one of them is John Silber of Boston University.

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Beginning about 1960, there has been a shift of power away from the university executive toward the faculty. Faculty power is exercised through an array of committees, whose decisions are difficult or impossible to overturn. And, in general, it is the most left-activist members of the faculty who are willing to go through the endless deliberations.

University faculties also see it as in their interest to increase the degree of academic specialization, and to spend less time in the classroom. Charles Sykes has abundantly illustrated this in his recent *ProfScam*, and will further document these trends in his forthcoming *The Hollow Men*, which focuses on Dartmouth, the "hollow men" being administrators and presidents. It is very doubtful that Harvard today could re-institute J. B. Conant's General Education program, or Columbia its Great Books course.

Today's university president is in constant danger of being bitten to death by ducks, in the form of noisy "victim" groups. Thus Benno Schmidt of Yale, who certainly is intellectually distinguished, found himself in trouble when he denied that Yale is heavily homosexual. What would be wrong if it were? demanded gay-rights types. Schmidt took refuge in the concept of "diversity," heterosexuals presumably being useful insofar as they made Yale more "diverse." In such an environment, the university president keeps as low a profile as possible. Graffiti at Yale are asking: "Where's Benno?"

For a university president today to accomplish anything, he would require the iron will of a John Silber. Such men are in short supply.

Alas, Poor Duke

THE END of Governor Michael Dukakis's political career calls up assorted reflections in verse. Politically, Dukakis resembles the skull of Yorick in the graveyard scene. "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him," says Prince Hamlet. Or one might think of Cardinal Wolsey in Johnson's "The Vanity of Human Wishes": "Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye, / His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly; / . . . He seeks the refuge of monastic rest."

Dukakis's "competence" ended the Massachusetts Miracle and left the state with billions in deficits and one of the lowest credit ratings in the nation. His unfavorable rating in the polls is near 80 per cent. At the recent convention of the state Democratic Party in Springfield, he was scheduled to speak inconspicuously on a Saturday morning, the nearest thing to 3 A.M. the organizers could manage. While he spoke, delegates milled around and conversed loudly. One delegate told the press that "the worst thing you could get is an endorsement from Dukakis." For Dukakis, his monastic rest will probably be the Kennedy School of Government.

He may be a forerunner, looking ahead a year or two, because strange things are happening to Northeastern liberalism—in Connecticut, in New Jersey (where newly elected Governor James Florio has raised taxes), and in the Empire State, where Governor Cuomo faces a similar fiscal future. Cuomo may have to run for President in 1992 to get out of Albany. Otherwise, it looks like monks for choice.

Nicaragua: Losing the Peace

SO FAR, the big losers of Nicaragua's elections have been the Contras, 21 of whose leaders found themselves, on May 26, holed up in two Managua hotels under siege by Sandinista Black Beret forces. The reason: during a meeting that day with government officials on resuming the collapsed demobilization talks, resistance leaders learned of a Nicaraguan Association for Human Rights charge that Sandinista Army regulars had two days earlier murdered 19 disarmed ex-Contras in the north-central town of Waslala. This was far from the first report of the killing of former rebels and their families. Irate over empty assurances of safety for their disarmed troops, the Contra leaders vowed to suspend the arms-surrendering process and departed for their hotels—only to be followed by the Berets, whose commander threatened death.

Desperate calls to President Violeta Chamorro went unreturned, but a Contra leader did reach Deborah DeMoss (Senator Jesse Helms's aide on Latin America), who called Mrs. Chamorro to intervene. It's all a misunderstanding, *la Presidente* explained—the troops were there for the Contras' "protection." Miss DeMoss, insisting they were in fact imprisoned, then argued with Mrs. Chamorro's son-in-law and *éminence grise* Antonio Lacayo. He blasted the Contras and vowed defiance; Miss DeMoss countered that congressional conservatives would be outraged, and the conversation abruptly ended.

Within two hours, however, the government—now under additional pressure from Cardinal Obando y Bravo—called off the Berets. And three days later it reached a new agreement with the resistance, giving demobilized Contras commitments to food, housing, jobs, and self-policing powers in regional "development centers" where they can choose to settle.

But the Contras are wary, with good reason, that this accord too could be violated. In addition to the murders and hotel-siege incident, there have been too many other bad signs since the February elections: the military is still called the Sandinista Army; President Chamorro easily caved in to a bul-

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lying Sandinista strike last month; El Salvador's Marxist guerrilla force has been allowed to keep its Managua office (in part because two of Mrs. Chamorro's children and a nephew have close FMLN ties); and Lacayo—who approved the FMLN deal and did business with the Sandinistas throughout the 1980s—is an ardent Contra foe.

It's what some imagined the situation would be like had Daniel Ortega won.

South African Notes

FOR AT LEAST 15 years, America's view of South Africa has had little to do with actual events there and everything to do with special interests here at home. The proposed visit of F. W. de Klerk to the White House was derailed by just such special-interest groups. It so happened—for reasons having to do with the two men's traveling schedules, separately arranged—that President de Klerk was to have arrived in Washington one week before Nelson Mandela. There was no complaint from Mr. Mandela. But Randall Robinson, who was organizing the Mandela visit, exploded: "No American President has ever invited a South African president presiding over an apartheid state to visit the United States. Not even Ronald Reagan. Then to do it the week before Nelson Mandela comes to the United States is a demonstration of insensitivity of which I did not know George Bush to be capable." Rather than face a whole week of this sort of thing—compared to the civilized reception he got in Western Europe—Mr. de Klerk decided to remain at home.

Nelson Mandela, meanwhile, is facing a painful legacy of his time in prison. During his incarceration, his wife, Winnie, became increasingly militant—and, increasingly, a liability to the ANC. She was the foremost public proponent of "necklacing" in the wars between the ANC and less radical blacks. She built a lavish house in Soweto that was derided, including by fellow ANC members, as "Winnie's Mansion." And she organized the infamous Mandela United Football Club, supposedly to give young blacks something to do to keep them out of trouble; in fact, to provide her with a personal strike force.

The leader of the "football club," Jerry Richardson, has now been convicted of murder, for the kidnapping and beating of 14-year-old "Stompie" Seipei; much of the testimony implicated Mrs. Mandela, and indeed it is widely said that she was not a co-defendant only because of the government's wish not to embarrass her husband at the time of his release. Even ANC members who have defended the killing of "collaborators with the apartheid regime" were outraged, since the victim, although so young, had been an effective ANC guerrilla fighter.

Nelson Mandela has said, "They don't want to charge her and give her the opportunity of proving she is innocent." He may have spoken too soon.

Thar She Grows!

SOME MARINE biologists have stepped forth with the rarest of commodities—good news about the future of the environment. They propose a means of abolishing the climate change induced by carbon dioxide, which goes by the name of "the greenhouse effect." To the horror of the global-warming lobby—which would like to ban the burning of hydrocarbons—John Martin, Michael Gordon, and Steve Fitzwater have pointed out in the May 10 issue of *Nature* an obvious and relevant fact: the nutrient-rich polar oceans are mineral-poor.

Six months ago, they drew pristine samples of Antarctic sea water and added the merest trace of iron. Whereupon they witnessed an explosion of plant life. They accordingly reckon that if the people of the world were to invest six ounces of scrap iron per capita at an annual cost of less than a buck each—roughly a total of $5 billion, or the cost of U.S. federal student-assistance programs—then the expanding marine biosphere could draw down enough CO_2 to cancel the effect of burning fossil fuels.

Before you relegate this modest proposal to the factoid cemetery, consider the case of Australia. Decades ago, vast tracts of pasture land down under were found to be strangely incapable of supporting sheep. The problem proved to be a depletion of trace elements in the soil. The solution—aerial spraying of just ounces per acre of a vital blend of cobalt and molybdenum—turned a wasteland into Merino heaven.

Reckoning the environmental impact of fertilizing an ocean is no small matter. But the first-order effect of generating an additional fifty billion wet tons of fodder would almost certainly be a population explosion at the top of the food chain: penguins galore, a surfeit of whales, and sealskin *chic*—if not in Aspen, at least in St. Moritz?

Federico Massot, R I P

IT WAS impossible to spend any amount of time with Federico Massot without experiencing the immense force of his character and the universality of his mind. His erudition and intellectual sweep were reflected both in his writings and in the pages of the *Diario Nueva Provincia*, which he edited during the last years of his all too short life. He was, perhaps, the most influential Latin American conservative thinker of his generation (he was born in

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1949), and he devoted much of his considerable energy to disseminating the ideas of European and North American conservatives in Argentina and the rest of South America. He was especially keen to bridge the gap between the more traditionalist and authoritarian conservatism of Latin America and the libertarian tradition of the Anglo-American school; and in his own writings—beginning with his brilliant study of the French Right—the conservatism of Donoso Cortez and José Hernández mingled with the thought of Adam Smith and Edmund Burke. He had a particular love of English culture, and, like many Argentine conservatives, was greatly saddened by his country's bloody war with Britain.

His last days were clouded by great physical suffering, which he endured with a will of iron. During his ordeal he was sustained by his family and by his deep devotion to the Catholic Church. When I last spoke with him in December, I was awed and inspired by the calmness he mustered in speaking of his own end. The last words of Joseph Addison came to mind. "See," said Addison, "in what peace a Christian can die." Among the conservatives of Argentina he will become a memory, and then a tradition.

—Peter P. Witonski

Rex Harrison, R I P

IT WAS sheer, eloquent coincidence that just as Arnold Schwarzenegger's latest gorefest was hitting several thousand movie theaters, Rex Harrison was dying, as quietly as a falling leaf. Like Greta Garbo, he belonged to an age when entertainment meant a kind of enchantment, when wit disclosed a higher part of ourselves, when even the double-entendre was used sparingly.

He couldn't sing, dance, chew scenery, or mash a grapefruit in a girl's face. Shakespeare (except for *Much Ado about Nothing*) and Tennessee Williams were beyond him. But he could speak a line so that you'd never forget it. He could chill with acerbic authority, then overwhelm with a boundless charm. His timing made even dreary scripts sound like Noël Coward. If Bernard Shaw ever said a prayer, Harrison was the answer to it. Within his narrow—or should one say "special"?—range, he had an immense bag of tricks, all triumphantly displayed in the role everyone knows, Henry Higgins. If only life could always be like *My Fair Lady*: that was the feeling he left you with.

There is no prestigious theory to underwrite the kind of aesthetic experience Harrison gave. The art of his generation, exquisite though it was, has been assumed inferior to grimmer statements about the human condition. And if Seriousness is the chief criterion of art, the verdict is fair. Tragedy has always had more champions than comedy. And yet we can't help feeling that there is more to be said than has been said for the tradition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The School for Scandal*, and *Blithe Spirit*, and anyone who saw Rex Harrison will know what we mean. Like Olivier, he leaves no successors; but unlike Olivier, alas, nobody seems to want to succeed him.

The Situation in New York

Like Gorbachev, Governor Cuomo is great
Declaiming on tour while constituents wait,
Shorn closer than shivering Adam and Eve,
For spending cuts stuck up the governor's sleeve;
Meanwhile, the Republicans name a man who
Prepares his farewell as he makes his debut.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You have been my hero for at least thirty years, but really—sometimes you can be impossibly, frustratingly elitist. This letter is an attempt at a gentle, grandmotherly chiding.

In your column dated January 17, you express concern about the ability of the average American to "follow" a certain MacNeil–Lehrer news show, implying that the pent-up nationalisms which are being expressed in the various parts of the "Union of Synthetic Soviet Socialist States" (I love that one) is a point too subtle for most.

May I just briefly sketch a profile of a "follower" who, thanks to years of faithful attention to *NR*, finds these current happenings fascinating, and not at all difficult to follow. You might be surprised that this profile contains some aspects that are frequently sneered at (perhaps a bit strong) by some of your colleagues. But you might also be pleased to find that one of the major (I think) accomplishments of *NR* through these years has been the education of people like me.

This little old lady (not in tennis shoes, thank you) has no academic degrees, lives in a mobile home (please, not a "trailer": my comfortable little home has never "trailed" anywhere), lives on a tight budget that stretches to cover fine books and other intellectual stimulation, and is devoted to many of the same principles you are. I suspect that there are many thousands of us out here, who may live in a different world from that of your class, but are nonetheless able to recognize and love truth—even when it appears too complicated for some common people.

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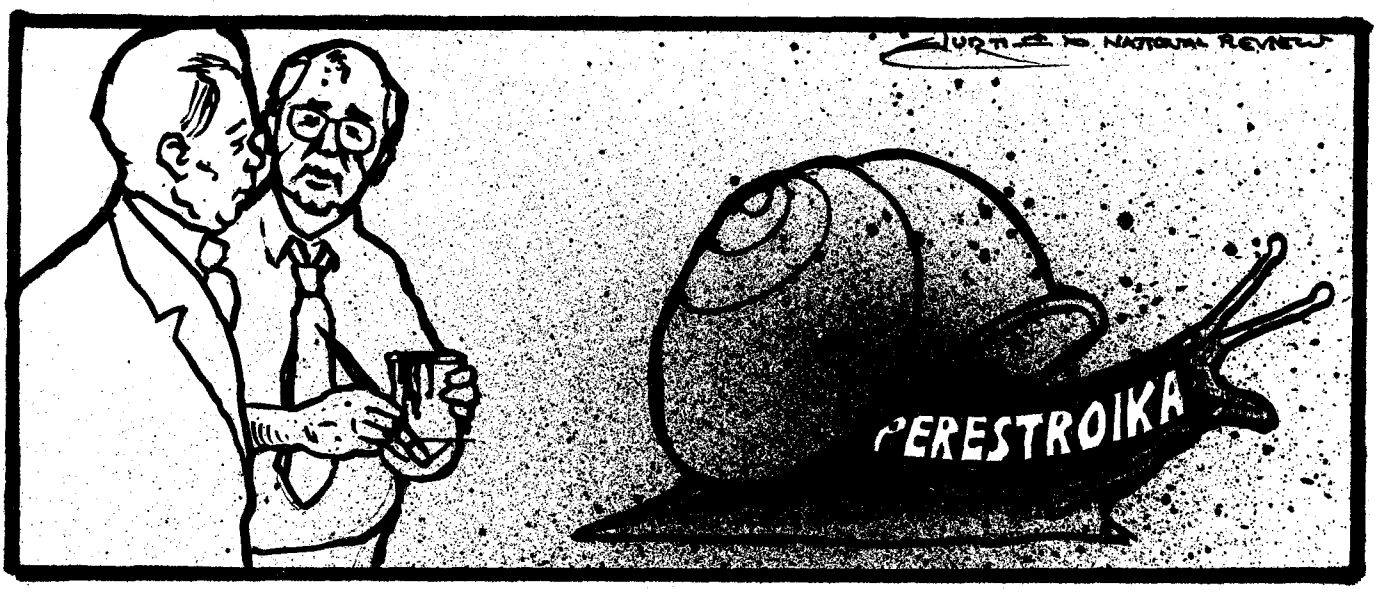

"Would it help if I added a racing stripe?"

Perhaps we are the silent majority that used to be referred to. We don't make a lot of noise. But you can take heart—we are out here.

Cordially,
Carol R. Hardman
Orem, Utah

Dear Mrs. Hardman: I love you too and I do not—repeat, do not—underestimate you. What I said about that MacNeil–Lehrer show is that it was likely to bring "something of the big yawn to the American news shopper." I explained the issue and summarized, "But the point of this essay is that it is not realistically possible to fasten American interest on the centrifugal impulses of Europe and Asia. The attention just plain flags, and conscientious folk, seeking an excuse to detach themselves from the quarrel between Armenians and Azerbaidzhanis, take refuge in the cozy hearth of: isolationism. To energize the American public on the rivalries breaking out all over, it will be necessary to dramatize their geopolitical implications for the United States. And that is a challenge at least the equal of the talents of MacNeil–Lehrer." Now, Mrs. Hardman, take it back. There's nothing wrong or elitist about that. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Consider the following present-day banal expression used in monotonous redundancy that demands many unwarranted assumptions . . . you know.

If a ewe were dancing to a no (Japanese drama dance) beneath a yew on a know (Scottish knoll) while eating a chocolate bar (UNO), how would I know? . . . You know.

Respectfully,
Robert G. Russell
El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Mr. Russell: Eye ghivup! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

As a matter of fact I recall my friend Tom Bergin telling me that he was a distant relation of the late Professor Tom Bergin.

But if you think that's confusing, you ought to meet my friend Tom's identical twin brother, John. Did I say identical? They're clones. I met John at Tom's wedding ten years ago, when I went up to John and congratulated him on his marriage. John's immediate response: "I'm John, the rich one. You're looking for my impoverished brother, Tom, over there." John, by the way, invented the "Pepsi Generation" advertising theme, then sold out to the competition and came up with "Coke Is It!" Some talented genes are recombining in that family.

Take care.

Best always,
Joe [Rehyansky]
Bayonne, N.J.

P.S. Forgot to mention that Tom and his bride were married for almost six months before he had the heart to tell her that she had a picture of his brother on her bedside table. True story.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have just one question that I feel only you can answer: If Anwar Sadat's widow and/or Muammar el-Qaddafi renounced their Egyptian or Libyan citizenship and became naturalized U.S. citizens, would they become African-Americans and eligible for membership in the N double-A double-A P?

Cordially,
Donald W. Larcen
Richmond, Va.

Dear Mr. Larcen: Arguably, yes; though the Afro-Americans tend to think in sub-Saharan terms. Above the Sahara, the ice people begin. Cordially,
—WFB

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Playing Charades

Alan Nahigian

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AS THE SUMMIT opened, David Hoffman and Don Oberdorfer noted on the front page of the *Washington Post* that Presidents Bush and Gorbachev wanted "to come to grips with" a changing world. But after the elaborate charade had gone on for three days, it seemed more accurate to say that Bush and Gorbachev were trying to *keep* their grip on a changing world. In this they received the full cooperation of the television networks, currently worried about an "inexplicable fall-off in all TV viewing," according to *Time*.

"Never has a U.S. President laid out a red carpet so dramatically for a Soviet president," Dan Rather intoned. "Never has a Soviet president needed one so much." But Bush also basked in Gorbachev's light. He seemed to regard Gorbachev as a useful, if unacknowledged, ally. As the two presidents walked side by side down the red carpet at the beginning of the summit, and the anchormen confidentially imparted to us the outline of the plot that was about to unfold, one sensed that Rather, Jennings & Brokaw were also glad to play key roles in this real-life soap opera.

Today the technology of television is changing, with cable, fiber optics, and video cassettes transforming it into an interactive, decentralized medium. It is becoming harder for an elite few—whether in broadcasting or in government—to shape the national agenda. The Summit was an occasion for these various elites, supposedly adversarial, to try to protect each other against the threat of change.

Even as Gorbachev arrived from Canada, Boris Yeltsin, just elected president of the Russian Republic, was reported to be "putting the Kremlin on notice with an aggressive program to free Russia from 'the dictates of the center.'" He expected the Russian Parliament to pass a declaration of Russian sovereignty "before President Gorbachev returned from the United States next week." He was challenging the top-down, command-and-obey structure of the Communist system.

Don't forget that Bush's Summit with Gorbachev was a mere ceremonial interlude coming in the midst of the White House's own anxious "summit" meetings with congressional leaders. The unstated goal of these ongoing budget negotiations is to reinforce the "dictates of the center": to maintain Washington's control over national life by increasing the revenues the people must send to the capital.

Bush has no particular vision of a decentralized order. For him good government is a matter of party loyalty, public service, and human decency—giving something *back* to the system that had given one so much . . . No doubt he's sincerely sympathetic to Gorbachev's plight: a fellow leader of men in a tight spot, his perks and power threatened by upstarts. (Ominous developments out there, fellas. Shouldn't we give Mikhail a helping hand? Then he'll owe us one.)

How does the Administration feel about Yeltsin? There have been disparaging remarks from unidentified officials. On the radio, just before the Summit, both Morton Kondracke and Rick Hertzberg of *The New Republic* compared him to Louisiana's "demagogue," Huey Long, and so did the ubiquitous, Brooklyn-accented Soviet commentator, Vladimir Posner.

President Bush and Dan Rather have had their public disagreements, but they too share a community of interest of sorts. Each is trying to preserve the "stability" of his institution. The old order is threatened—by modern-day Huey Longs, or by folks who want to spend their own money, or by ornery cable-switchers.

"With these summits, they always hold something back for a big surprise," Rather said, optimistically. (So keep watching, folks.) Let's not "write this off as the great photo opportunity," he later reminded us. This was the Great Gorbachev, in person! There would be surprises. Plot twists. (Such as uncertainty about where he would stop his Zil limo and hop out for one more handshake.) But when Gorbachev emerged from a White House session to field questions, and CBS "offered this encounter to its affiliates," Tom Shales wrote in the *Washington Post*, the local station (Channel 9) "was busy with one of its marathon weather forecasts and ignored it." Uh-oh. These summits may already be as dull as political conventions.

"In 1987," Henry Allen wrote in the *Post*, "people flailed and screamed when he went by, that amazing hormone scream that rock stars get, but yesterday Washingtonians just stood there saying, 'There he goes' and

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waving at him just the way he waved at them, a neutral official wave that looked like somebody reaching out to readjust a lampshade."

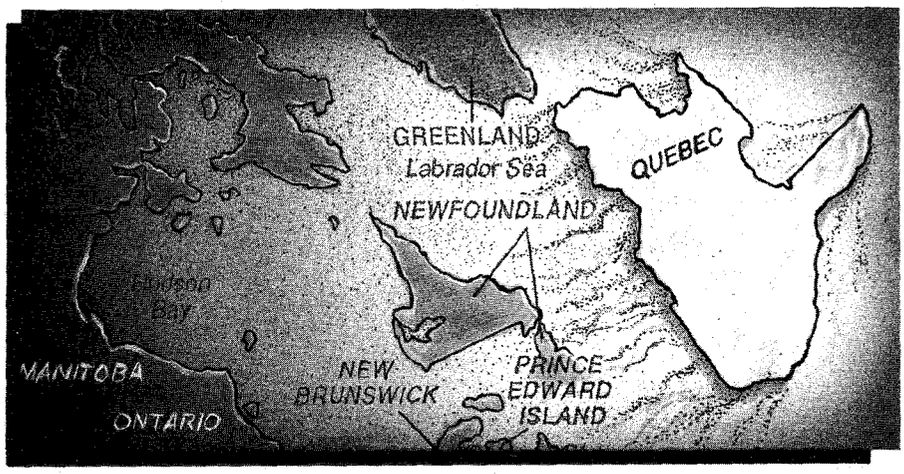
But talk-show journalists are as filled with awe as ever. Strobe Talbott of *Time* described Gorbachev as a "visionary and a great politician—a genius in both respects." Elizabeth Drew marveled at the great man's stamina. Carl Rowan said he would be "terribly disturbed" if he thought Gorbachev "was going to disappear from the scene any time soon." Is this power worship or mere hero worship? Thirty years ago, Talbott said, the problem was "how to prevent the world from blowing up." Now it is how to prevent "the Soviet Union from blowing up." He didn't say why this is *our* problem, but the general idea is that we will have to keep on making concessions.

At the Sunday-morning press conference in the White House there was a wonderful moment when a journalist from *Izvestia* asked Gorbachev about Boris Yeltsin back in Moscow. Gorbachev was wry, good-natured: "I don't think you have chosen the best place for clarifying our internal problems." (Laughter. No other Soviet leader has come close to achieving this tone.) "But *c'est la vie*, as they say. There is real life. There are certain processes under way back home."

That certainly was an unscripted remark, incautiously making a distinction between Summits and real life. The truth will out. Summits are events contrived to make us feel grateful for the "reduction of tensions," brought to us by the people who were responsible for elevating the tensions in the first place. □

Mon Dieu! Montreal!

PETER BRIMELOW



Jennifer Lawson

TORONTO

PATRICK Buchanan caused a great stir north of the border recently with two columns urging the U.S. Government to welcome any Canadian provinces that applied to join the American Union. This is hardly surprising. Canada, like certain obscure sea creatures, has evolved with vital organs outside of its skeletal structure, in this case south of the 49th parallel. Canadians really care what Americans think, partiularly at this moment, when Ottawa is going through one of its increasingly frantic efforts to find a constitutional formula that can keep Quebec and English Canada in harness. (Domestic critics can be dealt with more readily. Buchanan kindly wrote that my book *The Patriot Game: Canada and the Canadian Question Revisited*, published in Canada in 1986, had "predicted what is now unfolding." Every Canadian paper that I've seen omitted this passage when reprinting him.)

Injecting new ideas into public debate is the supreme function of the newspaper columnist. Politicians and civil servants absolutely will not take the risk. Thus Washington's long series of noises in favor of a united Canada is merely a faithful rendition of official timidity. So reluctant is the State Department to contemplate any change north of the border that in 1980 it apparently refused even to draw up a contingency plan to cover the real possibility that the *Parti Québecois* might win the referendum that year on negotiating a partial divorce—"sovereignty association"—from Canada. (The referendum lost, but it got about half the French-speaking vote, and the issue is now hotter than ever.)

By the time you read this, a last-minute compromise could well have salvaged the latest constitutional formula, the "Meech Lake Accord." But don't be fooled: even this agreement is actually a tacit surrender to Quebec's autonomy drive. Eventually, attention will have to be paid. Here are my untimid ideas for Washington:

Get the message that Quebec is emerging as a French-speaking nation-state on the European model. The powerful Ottawa political elite and its New Class allies in Canada's media and academe have an intense vested interest in the fantasy that Canada is a single "bilingual, bicultural nation," whatever that might be. However, the U.S., and the majority of ordinary Canadians, do not. Quebec's parting from Canada is gradual, like that of Norway from Sweden or Ireland from Britain. But it's just a matter of time.

Look through the confederation carapace. Canada's national institutions are a Rube Goldberg combination of Victorian British Parliament and 1960s social engineering slapped on by former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. They seriously misrepresent the country's sectionalized political reality, even apart from Quebec. They have resulted in systematic plundering of the peripheral regions of the country by the metropolitan center through policies like protectionism—something Western Canada now has the population, and increasingly the political organization, to resist.

To use a lurid Third World analogy: There comes a point at which any sensible diplomatic corps worries less about cocktail parties in the dictator's palace and more about its contacts with the rebels in the hills. The Reform Party, a new conservative particularist group, is already winning elections in Western Canada. Eventually, this could be as big a problem for Ottawa as Quebec separatism.

Recognize that the U.S. is involved.

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor of Forbes *magazine and author of* The Patriot Game *(Hoover Institution Press).*

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Ottawa regularly cites alleged American attitudes to discourage its dissidents. For example, it claims that Washington might not extend the 1988 bilateral Free Trade Agreement to a separated Quebec (a contention even State Department officials deride). And Ottawa insists that Washington would never, *never* accept a province into the Union. (See below.)

Realize that this crisis is not a problem but a solution. However, it may require U.S. help. There is no particular necessity for Canada to be a centralized polity with a cynosure chief executive who swans about to international conferences. Reasonable people could easily redesign Canada's Confederation into something like Switzerland's—quick: Who is the president of Switzerland?—or the pre–Jacques Delors European Community, a common market of several sovereign states loosely linked by some supranational consultative institutions. (But without Brussels's current drive for real political union—Canada and Europe could be like sister ships traveling the same route in opposite directions.) In fact, this is more or less what both Quebec's avowedly separatist *Parti Québecois* opposition and its nominally federalist Liberal provincial government say they want.

For that matter, with no external threats and appropriate policies—above all, free trade—any Canadian province could quite practically aspire to independence. The difficulties are purely transitional. Ottawa's tariffs, resource mismanagement, and transfer payments have pushed some peripheral provinces toward subsidy addiction, although the Free Trade Agreement will eventually help wean them. The Canadian liberal elite, especially the English-speakers, might have an hysterical tantrum. Washington could help a lot with a good bedside manner.

Well—why not statehood? Opinion polls have consistently shown that a hardy minority of Canadians (including French-speakers) is in favor of joining the United States. Certainly all the English-speaking provinces would make excellent U.S. states. In the Canada remodeled by Pierre Trudeau, it is the English-speakers who are the colonized group, repressing their own identity in a continuous misguided effort to appease Quebec. For them, U.S. statehood would be an honorable alternative to the current "hybrid, bicultural monstrosity," as René Levesque called it.

Some American conservatives fear, and liberals presumably hope, Canada's alleged statist heritage would incline its voters to the Democrats. Actually, this heritage has been exaggerated by Canada's "nationalist" propagandists—and anyway American politics is more a matter of ethnicity than economics, which would put most Canadians squarely in Kevin Phillips's Emerging Republican Majority. Ottawa's apparently permanent center–left governing coalition has stayed in power through adroit manipulation of Quebec's nationalistic bloc vote.

There is another problem, of course: accepting statehood applications from Canadian provinces would require vision in the Bush White House.

All is not lost, however. The logic of history, if not Manifest Destiny, suggests that a Canadian Community is evolving north of the border, a constellation of sovereignties that may well naturally seek a "contractual link" to the United States. One component, probably the most formally independent, will be a solidly bourgeois French-speaking Quebec. The rest might be the nucleus of what Goldwin Smith, Canada's Tocqueville, called for a century ago in *Canada and the Canadian Question:* "The moral federation of the whole English-speaking race throughout the world." □

Saving the Arts in Union Square

ERICH EICHMAN

Gary Underhill

NEW YORK

UNION SQUARE is a pretty, green park that sits at the crossroads of Broadway and Park Avenue. Ten years ago, it was a dangerous, drug-infested place, but a government face-lift has changed all that. Now any midday you can find couples lolling about on the grass, oldsters chatting on park benches, and dazed office-workers eating lunch and squinting into the midday sun.

Thus it was with some surprise that I discovered, one sunny Tuesday in late May, a group of respectable-looking white people gagged and bound at the north end of the park. The scene was made even more peculiar by the placards they were wearing around their necks.

It turned out that these "prisoners" were writers participating in a "Save the National Endowment for the Arts" rally. They were trussed up to dramatize the evils of censorship, and the placards recorded their brave names.

What was this all about? The National Endowment for the Arts is up for re-authorization this year. In the wake of the Robert Mapplethorpe retrospective, the Endowment was barred from supporting obscene art. In the eyes of the arts community, such a restriction is tantamount to censorship. The grave danger is, supposedly, that the obscenity exemption will be written into the Endowment's re-authorization, assuming the Endowment is not *done away with altogether.*

This day in the park, some three hundred people were milling about,

Mr. Eichman is a freelance writer living in New York.

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waiting for the show to begin. A few were curious onlookers who had stumbled on the scene as I had; many more were scraggly avant-garde types who looked as if they had just emerged from some dark theater on the Lower East Side. One such downtown denizen stood in front of me, a peculiar young man with greenish spiked hair; he was wearing a leather jacket across the back of which the words "F--- UP" were scrawled in dripping red paint.

Soon the "prisoners of censorship" began filing onto the makeshift stage and taking their seats in somber rows. Behind them a large cloth banner was unfurled. It read: "SAVE THE N.E.A."

THE PROGRAM that followed was, for the most part, a series of exhortations to write our "congresspeople" in opposition to Jesse Helms and other right-wing primitives who wanted to obstruct the flow of government dollars to creative people. About ten feet from the lectern, a woman stood conscientiously "signing" each rousing word to the deaf.

As it happens, I don't think Senator Helms's obscenity clause is a very good idea. Like others, I would rather see the NEA subject its recipients to a higher artistic standard. But the rally was so offputting that it was hard not to wish Senator Helms well.

The speakers acted as if the controversy over Mapplethorpe and two or three other questionable grants amounted to an assault on *all* art. There was a lot of cant about how art was essential to life, etc. One speaker told us that to stifle art was "to put a lid on the human heart."

In fact, though, the obscenity issue had to do with the *government funding* of art, not art's right to exist, and even then it was not really about the *abolition* of the NEA but rather about what role, if any, the moral standards of a community should play in the expenditure of public funds. But fine distinctions weren't the point of the rally in Union Square. Moral outrage was. Mary Schmidt Campbell, New York City's Commissioner of the Department of Cultural Affairs, went so far as to say that "[Jesse] Helms is about driving us toward authoritarianism and fascism."

Of course, Eastern Europe was referred to several times, with various people smugly pointing out the irony that, as the Berlin Wall is crumbling, the dark forces of repression are gaining strength in the U.S.A. Gregory Mosher, of the Lincoln Center Theater, maintained that the whole obscenity issue amounted to "fag-bashing": "We can't fear the Russians any more, so we have to fear something else."

Allen Ginsberg filled in the particulars. The attack on the NEA, he asserted, was merely part of a right-wing "war on all communication." It was of a piece with the new warning labels on phonograph records, attempts to restrict dial-a-porn services, the press restrictions in Panama and Grenada during our military actions there, and the recent Supreme Court ruling on peyote. Mr. Ginsberg finished off with a loud declamation of his inane poem "Birdbrain."

The actor Ron Silver took the microphone soon after. In his expensive suit and wraparound sunglasses, he looked a bit like the Hollywood sleaze he portrayed in David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow*. "Art and culture in this country have become commodified," he announced. He added that the Right had "demagogued the NEA issue," that America was in the midst of a *Kulturkampf*. "Artists are always the first target," he said; after artists come "gays, racism, the Jews."

Christopher ("Superman") Reeve spoke next, about the harsh political realities he had encountered. In Washington he had been told over and over again that *only a very few people were writing their congresspeople on behalf of the NEA!* By contrast, Jesse Helms's shock troops were writing letters by the thousands! A flood of pro-NEA mail would show, Mr. Reeve maintained, that "we're not fringe." This was repeated: "We're not fringe!" (I glanced over at my leather-jacketed "F--- UP" neighbor and thought I detected a wounded expression on his face. *He* was fringe, wasn't he?)

Terrence McNally, the playwright responsible for *The Lisbon Traviata*, took the microphone to say that art *deserved* federal funding, perhaps especially art that addressed the "dark side of life." Such art, he said, had made him "feel more human."

Mr. McNally's remarks actually constituted the afternoon's most compelling argument. Unfortunately, he ended by shouting: "Tennessee Williams, Eugene O'Neill, I love ya!" The implication was that Mapplethorpe's photographs were comparable to the work of these playwrights, who, like Mapplethorpe, had been brave enough to address life's dark side. This is ridiculous. In any case, Williams's and O'Neill's art didn't depend on government funding.

THE AFTERNOON was filled with such wild assertions of equivalence. The foundational absurdity was that not funding art was comparable to violating free speech, even when controversial art is free to exist apart from government funding and *does* in fact exist all over the place. (By such logic, all art in America before 1965 was the victim of censorship, since the NEA was not founded until then.)

The rally wound up with two slices from contemporary theater, both of which were designed to show a reckless willingness to utter forbidden words. The actor B. D. Wong performed a scene from *M. Butterfly*, the subject of which was the niceness of a certain penis. Then a raunchy downtown monologuist named Reno went on a rant against Jesse Helms; into her act she worked an extended discussion of vaginas as well as penises. The most interesting thing about both performances was the sign language that accompanied them.

All of this agitation required a grand finale, and we had been promised one in the person of Mandy Patinkin, the emotive actor and singer. I braced myself for a display of oozing sincerity. But no.

To everyone's amazement, Mr. Patinkin urged the crowd to join him—come on now, everybody!—in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

This was not at all what people had in mind. It was patriotic. It was embarrassing. What was a roused and radical spectator to do?

A few people murmured along with Mandy. Most just stood there with puzzled expressions on their faces, or began heading for the subway. My "F--- UP" neighbor was gone before the first line had been sung.

There is always something vaguely nostalgic about gatherings like this; they remind one of some of the lesser protests of the Sixties. The difference is that, twenty years after Vietnam, countercultural crowds now gather to demand, not an end to war or the start of Revolution, but the right to a government grant. □

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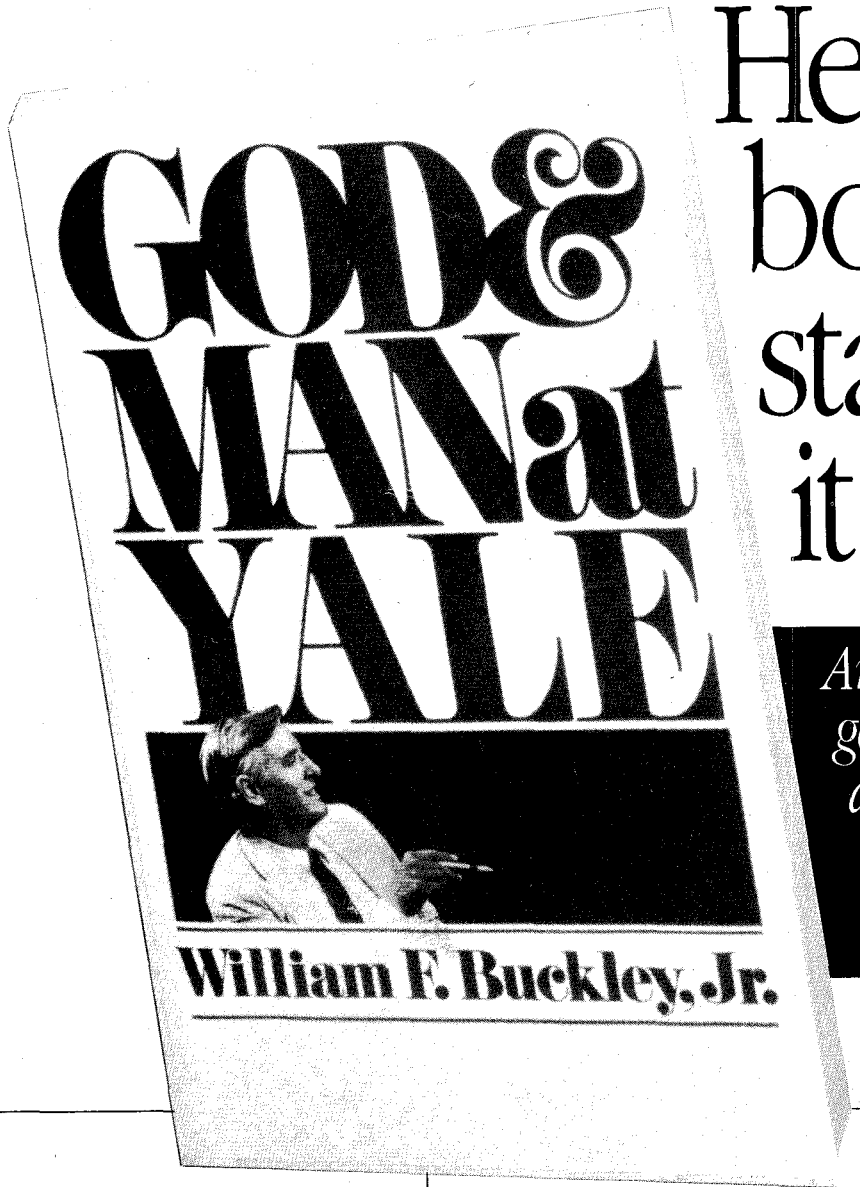
Here's the book that started it all.



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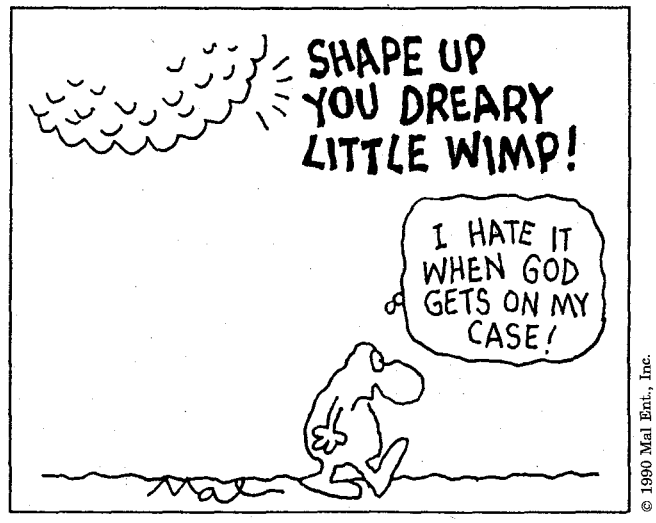
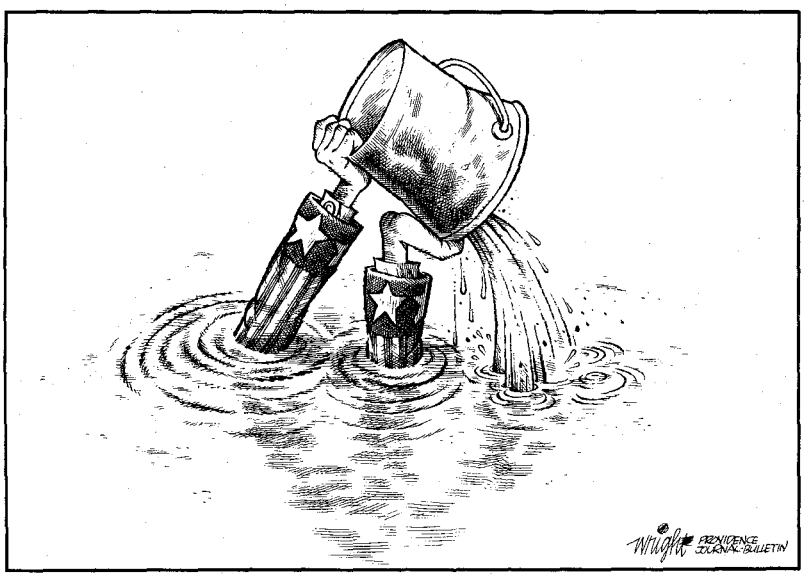


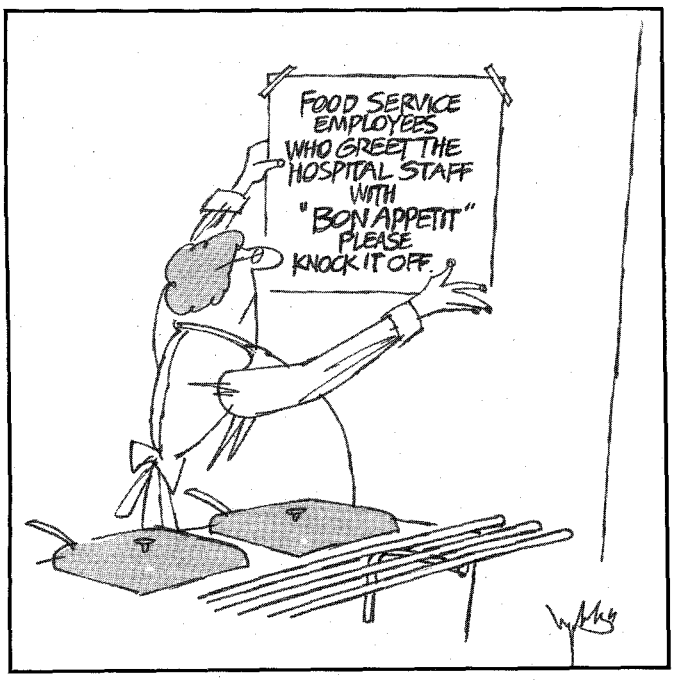


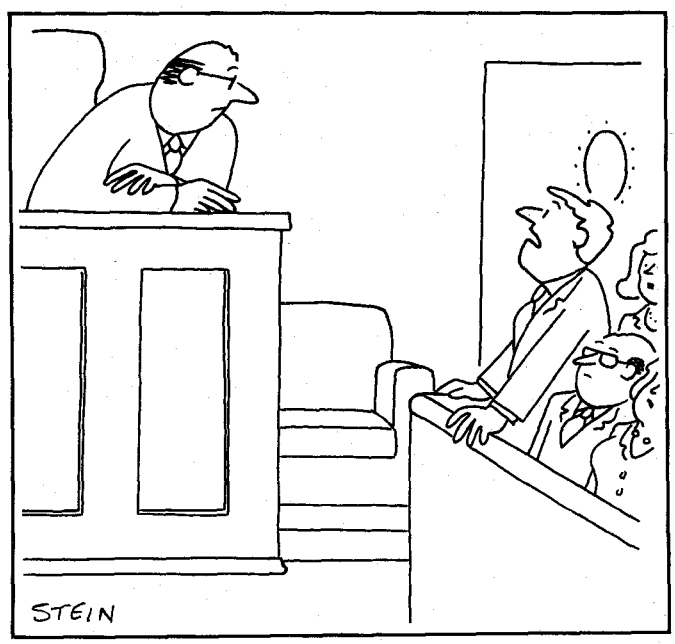
THE S+L BAILOUT

But I Love My Teddy Bear

The trouble with pledges to overcome
Bad habits we know we should drop
Is this: The procedure's *ad libitum*
And, golly, we don't *want* to stop.

CORINNA MARSH





"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty-oriented."

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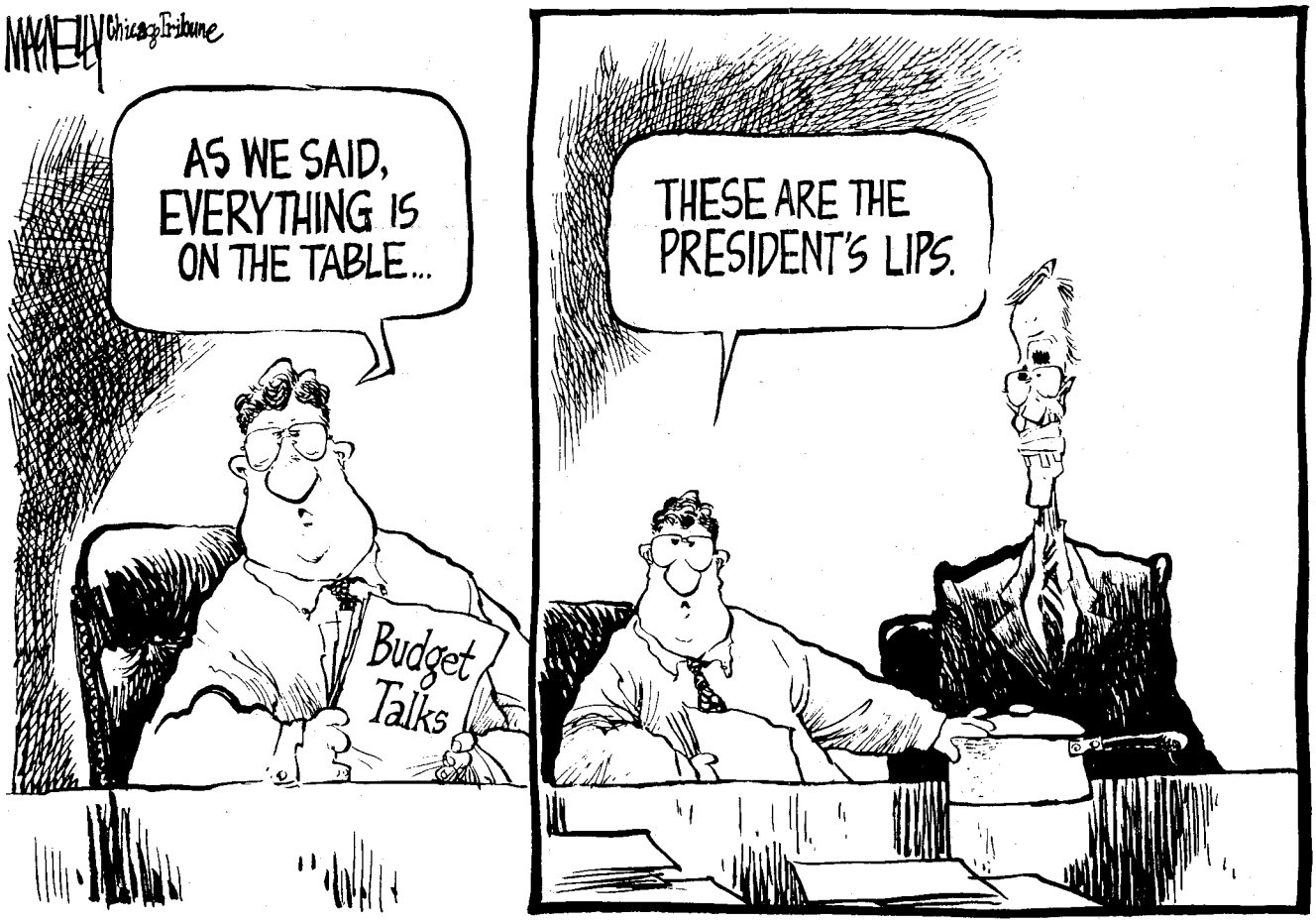
5/17/90 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER
COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
CORRELL
E LITHUANIA!
SURE, I WAS THINKING ABOUT LEAVING THE SOVIET UNION... BUT I MIGHT HAVE TO CHANGE MY MIND....
IT TURNS OUT I'M SORT OF ATTACHED TO IT!
FREE LITHUANIA!



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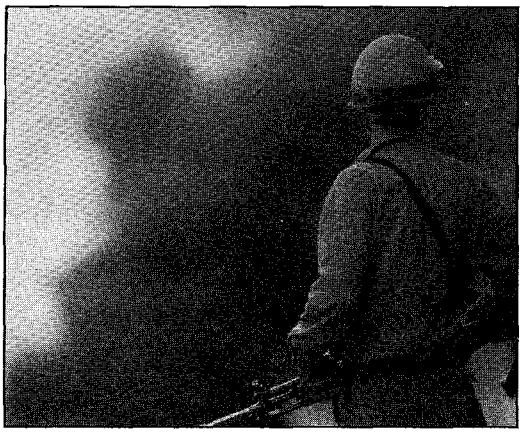
A Symposium

CAN ISRAEL MAKE PEACE?



Can Israel and her neighbors get off the treadmill of attack and counterattack? A leading Israeli, experienced in both war and diplomacy, argues that the end of the cold war has created the conditions for a comprehensive Mideast settlement. Eight observers of the Mideast scene reply; we shall publish more comments (and invite a response by General Tamir) in a future issue.

ABRAHAM TAMIR

THREE MAJOR stages characterize the rise and fall of empires throughout history: an empire rises as a result of a vacuum left by declining empires; military force and aid to client regimes then establish central rule over the whole empire and even extend its control beyond the imperial borders; and, finally, unable to maintain central control in the face of both nationalist and liberation struggles internally and the pressures of rival powers externally, the empire declines and collapses.

Developments in the Soviet bloc have followed just such a course and have had a corresponding impact on the world's geopolitical map. The vigor and intensity of once-hidden impulses for change were shown by the USSR's opening toward the U.S. and its attempt to secure American assistance in return for the removal of the Iron Curtain. The USSR has been prepared to reach agreements for dismantling strategic weapons, and to resolve regional conflicts that in the past were fertile ground for Soviet expansion. Thus the attitude of the superpowers toward the Arab–Israeli conflict is no longer determined by their old rivalry, but by a willingness to cooperate in resolving the conflict for the sake of world and regional peace.

The parties to the Arab–Israeli conflict—the central conflict in the Middle East now that the Iran–Iraq war has ended—must therefore reconsider what is best for their people. Reconciliation for the sake of peace? Or continuous political stalemate, which would mean endless bloodshed and the investment of resources for war rather than welfare?

Israeli negotiations with prominent statesmen in the Arab world began as early as 1970. Only after the Yom Kippur War in October 1973, however, did an Arab party begin to consolidate in favor of resolving the Arab–Israeli conflict by peaceful means. War had by that time shown itself to be politically meaningless as well as inflicting unbearable casualties.

But from 1974 onward (the year in which partial agreements with Egypt and Syria were signed), the superpower contest for influence and strategic footholds in the area placed obstacles in the way of a comprehensive resolution of the conflict. The USSR prevented the success of a peace process under American auspices through its client states in the region, notably Syria, while the U.S. was not willing to allow the USSR to increase its influence in the area through involvement in the peace process. The U.S., through its mediating efforts, succeeded in leading the parties to interim agreements between Israel and Egypt and Syria, and to a peace agreement between Israel and Egypt. However, even the Camp David agreements could not serve as the basis for a comprehensive and lasting peace.

SINCE 1988, however, the necessary conditions for a comprehensive Arab–Israeli peace have been created. It is no longer possible to argue that the superpower contest in the Middle East is a major obstacle, or that no Arab party favors a comprehensive peace, or that the establishment of a Palestinian state will inflict a disaster upon Israel, or that a substitute for the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people can be found, or that the uprising in the West Bank and Gaza Strip can simply be suppressed, or that it is possible to maintain the separate peace

General Tamir played a major role in the peace process with Egypt and has been instrumental in developing the infrastructure for Israel's national security throughout his career as chief of the Strategic Planning Branch in the Israel Defense Forces, National Security Advisor, and Director-General of the Prime Minister's Office and of the Foreign Ministry.

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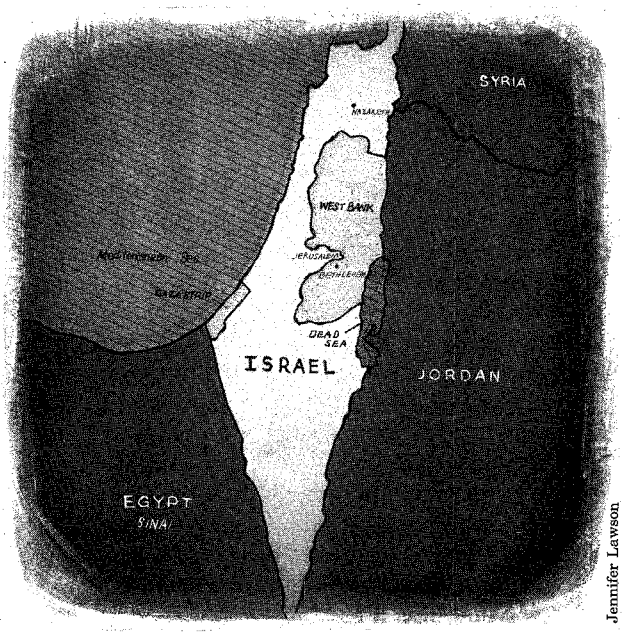
with Egypt indefinitely, or, finally, that the involvement of the USSR in the peace process might result in the extension of its strategic footholds in the area.

Despite their military strength and widespread international support, the Arab states have not yet succeeded in enforcing terms upon Israel either by military or by political means. Nor, indeed, will they succeed in the future. Nor will the PLO and its international terrorist allies. It should be equally clear, however, that Israel cannot enforce peace terms upon the Arab states or the Palestinian people either.

Thus the resolution of the conflict depends, in the first instance, upon the will of Israel, Syria, Jordan, and the Palestinian people. If agreement is achieved among these parties, it will gain the support of the rest of the Arab world. There is today an Arab party, which includes Syria and Iraq, seeking peace, and the superpowers are willing to assist the combatants to achieve it. The major problems that have to be resolved in order to do so are: the drawing of borders between Israel and its neighbors, and the establishment of a Palestinian state.



Jennifer Lawson

We have learned that a comprehensive peace is much more desirable than interim agreements that arise from an unwillingness to confront the fundamental problems of Israel's borders and a Palestinian state. Interim agreements cannot remove the threat of war. That requires a comprehensive peace, which in turn requires the framework of a common strategic and economic regional system, such as exists in Western Europe and, doubtless, will soon exist elsewhere.

As long as there are threats of war and terrorism, Israel must maintain the security borders on the Jordan River and on the Golan Heights. Yet no Arab party can make peace on the basis of such security borders. We must therefore reach the sort of compromise that is only possible within the framework of a community of nations with a common market, open borders, and mutual security arrangements. Such arrangements would include the demilitarization of unconventional weapons in the area, substantial reductions in conventional forces and, especially, strategic weapons, the holding back of conventional forces from both sides of the border, demilitarization of military forces and infrastructure in the future Palestinian state, and common systems to fight terrorism and to supervise security provisions. The formation of such a system would also solve the border problem, since the borders would be of an administrative character rather than fortified lines with electrified fences erected in the face of the threats of war and terrorism (the so-called security borders).

As for the Palestinian problem, let us recall the failure of all attempts since the peace treaty with Egypt to resolve this by solutions that fall short of a Palestinian state. No fewer than four American initiatives seeking to resolve the Palestinian issue within a Jordanian framework ended up failing: the first Reagan plan of 1982, the second Reagan plan of 1985 (following the Hussein–Arafat agreement), the London agreement between Hussein and Peres (which was achieved through American mediation), and the Shultz plan of 1988.

We are now witnessing the problems provoked by the latest American initiative, which was itself based on Prime Minister Shamir's peace plan. Neither negotiations with the PLO nor any compromise over the territories was ever among the real objectives of this plan. That reduces the plan, in effect, to free elections in the territories to choose Palestinian representatives who would then hold negotiations with Israel.

But the negotiations themselves are highly problematic since they require contacts with the PLO, whether direct or indirect. And even if a representative body were to be successfully elected, it would not be possible to hold negotiations for an interim settlement of the Palestinian problem if that settlement was never allowed to touch on the fundamentals of a permanent settlement, the first of which is a territorial compromise in return for peace.

For it is increasingly obvious that there is no prospect of a comprehensive peace between Israel and its neighbors, or even of a separate peace with Jordan and the Palestinian people, on the basis of resolving the Palestinian problem either under Israeli rule (the Likud's interpretation of the Camp David agreement on autonomy), or under Jordanian rule (the real meaning of a Jordanian–Palestinian federation), or under an Israeli–Jordanian condominium. Therefore, the only solution left is the establishment of a Palestinian state.

ISRAEL cannot afford to agree to the establishment of an independent Palestinian state as long as the risks of war and terrorism require security borders. But a Palestinian state established within the framework of a security and economic regional system in parts of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, and based on the security arrangements specified earlier, would not threaten Israel's security.

The time has come for the U.S., assisted by the USSR and Egypt, to initiate a comprehensive peace rather than pursue interim agreements that offer no lasting political or security benefits. An American initiative should seek to establish an international conference

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under American–Soviet auspices, initially to promote direct negotiations among Israel, its neighbors, and the PLO, but with the ultimate aim of a comprehensive peace.

To sum up, a comprehensive Arab–Israeli peace must be based on the following principles:

1. A security and economic regional system—a Middle East community patterned after the Western European community.

2. A state for the Palestinians established on the basis of a territorial compromise in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

3. Jerusalem, the capital city of Israel, as also the capital of the Middle East community, with the Muslim sacred places under the protection of the community's institutions.

4. The determination of the international border between Israel and Syria on the basis of a territorial compromise in the Golan Heights.

5. Economic assistance provided by the world's major industrial states in order to stabilize the economic condition of states in a region that suffers from severe economic problems.

As long as peace is not achieved in the Middle East, a state of war will continue to prevail, leading to an intensification of the arms race in missiles and unconventional weapons, and posing a threat to the very existence of nations, no matter where their frontiers may be located. Is this the state of security we yearn for in a world where other walls of hostility are being everywhere knocked down?

After more than forty years of unsuccessful war, the Arabs have a clear interest in peace with Israel. And Israel should equally prefer the peace-borders of a Jewish state living in amity with its neighbors, to the war-borders of a state ruling over a Palestinian people that is increasing in number and is in constant revolt. If self-interest is their guide, the two sides should be capable of establishing a regional system that will provide welfare and security to all nations in the Middle East. □

RESPONSES

RICHARD MURPHY

GENERAL TAMIR is right to note that the context of the Arab–Israeli conflict has changed radically, given the diminished rivalry between Moscow and Washington. Although uncertain of the precise shape future U.S.–Soviet cooperation might take in the Middle East peace process, American policymakers no longer talk, as they did in the Seventies, of "our Middle East." Many Americans, some prominent in the Jewish community, have also stopped arguing that the creation of a Palestinian state would inevitably mean the birth of a belligerent, leftist, Soviet-armed nation on Israel's eastern flank. How much energy and prestige the U.S. and the USSR are willing to commit to cooperation in the Middle East, however, remains unclear.

The same lack of clarity applies to the intentions of the states in the region itself. I question General Tamir's suggestion that Middle East peace depends in the first instance on the active involvement of "Israel, Syria, Jordan, and the Palestinian people." Two of these, Jordan and Syria, appear ready to stand aside from the peace process at its outset, allowing separate talks between Israelis and Palestinians. King Hussein has shown no inclination to reverse his decision of August 1988 to disengage Jordan from the administration of the Occupied Territories. Syria's President Assad remains as skeptical as ever of Israeli interest in anything more than negotiating the legitimization of the status quo or maneuvering for some future expansion of the Israeli state. Both Arab leaders may well board the peace train, but only after it begins rolling.

The failure of Israel's political parties to form a government, and the renewed violence in the Occupied Territories, leave Israel more concerned with short-term damage control than with long-term strategies for peace. General Tamir sees it as "no longer possible to argue that . . . a substitute for the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people can be found," yet Israel's acting prime minister, Yitzhak Shamir, continues to argue precisely that, flatly refusing to negotiate with the PLO. Attempts at political camouflage designed to make the PLO acceptable to the Likud, such as an all-Arab delegation in which the PLO would be subsumed, have also been consistently opposed by the Likud leadership.

General Tamir is optimistic in his vision of a Middle Eastern economic community patterned after that of Western Europe. Given the suspicions and rivalries that characterize inter-Arab relations, not to mention Arab–Israeli ones, a Benelux-type confederation with Jerusalem as its capital remains a worthy goal but a very distant reality. Including a Syrian–Israeli territorial compromise on the Golan makes its prospects dimmer still. Syria has never even hinted that such a compromise might be acceptable. The prospect of a demilitarized Syrian Golan and phased withdrawal might bring the Syrians to the table more quickly.

General Tamir accurately describes the unpleasant consequences of the continuance of the status quo in Arab–Israeli relations. He rightly sees Jerusalem as large enough to serve as more than the capital of Israel. But beyond the suggestion of an international conference as a way to break out of the status quo, he is silent on details. The Bush Administration is likely to be as unpersuaded of the viability of an international conference as its predecessor was. □

Mr. Murphy, a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, is a former Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs.

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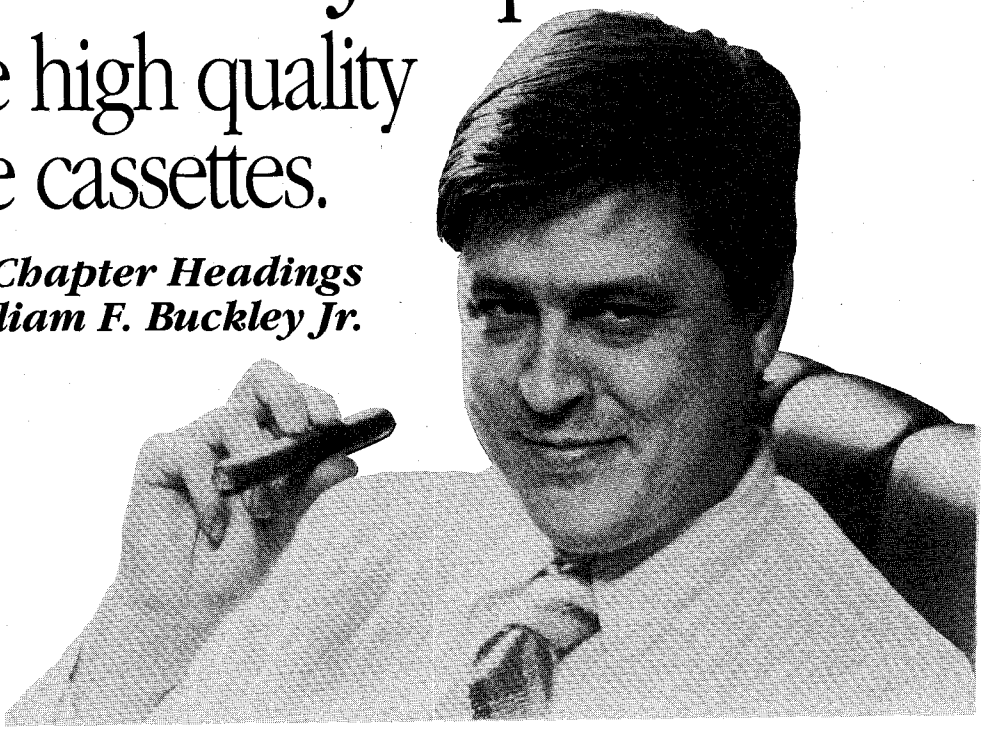

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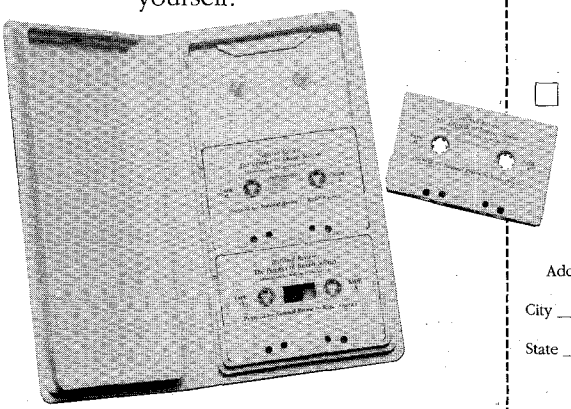

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AMOS PERLMUTTER

NO DOUBT the Tamir plan is a noble one, and in a more perfect world, where the lamb lies down with the lion, it might even succeed.

Personally, I find it impractical, a chimeric plan that assumes conditions that do not exist and explains away objections to a comprehensive settlement that in reality will not go away. General Tamir's major contention—that a combination of Israel, the Palestinians, the major Arab powers, and the superpowers can agree on a plan for Palestinian peace—is unrealistic.

There is no consensus among the Arab powers toward solving the Palestinian problem. Iraq and Syria are at loggerheads with each other, but General Tamir insists "there is today an Arab party, which includes Syria and Iraq, seeking peace." Iraq's Saddam Hussein only recently threatened to destroy half of Israel with chemical weapons, and he neither is in a position nor has the inclination to solve the Palestinian question to the satisfaction of both the Israelis and the Palestinians.

Syria will not go out of its way to sponsor the formation of a Palestinian state in what is commonly known as "Southern Syria"—that is, Israel and Palestine.

A second assumption—which is that the United States and the USSR are interested in initiating a comprehensive peace plan—is equally tenuous and fragile. U.S.–Soviet relations have not thawed and stabilized to such an extent as yet.

The PLO might have a vested interest in a comprehensive settlement, but I seriously doubt that *any* Israeli government, Likud or Labor, liberal or radical, would put itself into a superpower gridlock. I doubt too that either superpower will be able morally or politically to persuade Israel—or the PLO and Syria, for that matter—on what is best for everyone. In such a conference and such an atmosphere, it would be the superpowers and some imagined combined Arab force that would dictate the future to the Israelis.

Reality should be faced. There is *no* community of interest in today's northern-Arab world of Syria and Iraq. An Arab common market will never come to fruition until inter-Arab conflicts cease. The present ceasefire is too fragile to sustain itself long enough to allow for the settlement of political and territorial problems through negotiations.

I have advocated in the past reconciliation between Israel and the Palestinians on a basis that would lead to fruitful negotiations and an enduring settlement. The initiative would come from Israel and the Palestinians, supported by the Arab states (or, realistically, at least the moderate Arab states) and, preferably, by the Soviet Union and the United States as well.

This assumption, which is more moderate than General Tamir's, has often been termed utopian. I think, however, that his proposal is unrealistic. I agree with all of his objectives and principles for an Arab–Israeli, Israeli–Palestinian peace, but not when they are anchored in an untenable comprehensive settlement. There exists today not even a minimum of consensus on the major issues; there is no Arab coalition seeking peace; and certainly there are no individual states or group of states with a desire or an idea for solving the Arab–Israeli conflict.

General Tamir should and probably does know better. An incremental, step-by-step process is the best approach to Middle East peacemaking. It may not offer the drama of a comprehensive settlement. But I see no partners for a projected grand conference in Geneva. Conditions have not dramatically changed since President Sadat went to Jerusalem in 1977. □

Mr. Perlmutter is a professor of political science at American University. His most recent book is The Life and Times of Menachem Begin *(Doubleday, 1988).*

HANNA SINIORA

SO FAR all attempts from various sources have failed to bring the parties to the conflict to the negotiating table. Most initiatives have lacked the vision and incentive needed to catch the interest of all the warring sides. General Tamir's proposal is daring, creative, and worthy of consideration and further study.

In the 1980s, suspicious about the real intentions of the ruling majority, the right-of-center parties in Israel emerged to reveal expansionist intentions toward integrating and absorbing land occupied in June 1967, in the context of a Greater Israel.

The analysis put forward by General Tamir as to how to start and conclude a comprehensive settlement by the main parties to the conflict—Palestinians, Israelis, Syrians, and Jordanians—reflects a wholly different approach from the Israeli government initiative and the small steps that George Bush and James Baker support. It also goes beyond what the Arab countries propose for a comprehensive settlement under the auspices of an international conference, and in some aspects is even broader than the present Palestinian peace initiative. It coincides, though, with Palestinian intentions much more closely than present Israeli attitudes and trends.

To work toward a Middle Eastern community and a comprehensive peace between Israel and its neighbors—to contemplate seriously a Palestinian state—naturally will bring the Arab parties to the table. Can it break down Israel's ideological as well as psychological walls? A permanent settlement, a comprehensive Arab–Israeli peace, may contemplate the five principles laid down by General Tamir, with some adjustments:

1. A regional security system within a community relationship.

2. A state for the Palestinians in East Jerusalem, the West Bank, and the Gaza Strip, with minor adjustments on both sides of the border.

3. Jerusalem as the capital and seat of Palestine, Is-

Mr. Siniora is editor of the East Jerusalem newspaper Al-Fajr.

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rael, and the community; sacred places for Muslims, Jews, and Christians under Vatican-like status.

4. The Golan Heights issue resolved on the same basis as was negotiated by Israel and Egypt over the Sinai.

5. Economic assistance to all members of the Middle Eastern community on an equal footing.

The above principles have to be negotiated to the satisfaction of the parties to the conflict with the assistance and involvement of both superpowers, the European Community, and Egypt. □

GEORGE WEIDENFELD

GENERAL TAMIR'S five-point summary confirms the unanswerable need for a larger canvas for a settlement, one that has to involve at least the whole of what was once the British mandate of Palestine. However, a free-standing Palestinian state which is not from the outset closely linked with (i.e., federated with but not dominated by) Jordan would prove too unstable and indeed subversive. Peace negotiations must address concurrently, not successively, a common economic market, open borders, security arrangements, and administrative boundaries. Given the wider scale, there is more scope for symmetry. Israel's claims to security borders and surveillance facilities on sovereign Arab soil could be fairly traded for Arab rights of continuous passage through sovereign Israeli land. Demilitarization and military "traffic control" extending to large parts of the West Bank and Gaza can be much more easily accepted by a federal Arab entity than by an isolated mini-state. Just as the victors of World War I invited Czechs and Slovaks to federate to avoid "Balkanization" in Central Europe, so in a peaceful Middle East it is essential for Israel to have one eastern neighbor, one main address for vital inter-state transactions. It would be up to Palestinian Arabs and Jordanians to decide on the location of their capital and the seat of their federal government.

If the economic and security issues can be resolved, the emotive aspect of the boundary issue can be substantially defused. On a wider canvas there are "symmetrical solutions" for Jewish settlers in the West Bank and Gaza and for Arabs in East Jerusalem concerning voting rights, citizenship, taxation, etc.

To reach such a settlement you will need not only willing partners but also supportive great powers and massive help from the "have" countries, as well as a transitional period. It is at this point that a constructive formula must be devised, reconciling the Shamir/Rabin/Baker proposals. This would mean negotiations between the Israelis and the least unacceptable Palestinians toward an administrative council for the West Bank and Gaza, with a concrete aim that would in fact be a commonwealth of a sovereign Israel and a sovereign Arab federation of Jordan, the West Bank, and Gaza. □

Lord Weidenfeld was chief of cabinet and political advisor to Israel's President Weizmann.

DAVID BAR-ILLAN

THE MAIN PROBLEM with General Tamir's proposal is that it is reasonable. If reason had reigned in the Middle East his plan would have been implemented in 1948, after a UN resolution called for the establishment of Arab and Jewish states in the western part of the British mandate of Palestine. The Arabs rejected the solution then. Now, after 42 years of terrorism, six wars, and one peace treaty between Egypt and Israel, they are no closer to accepting it.

General Tamir's vision—"a community of nations with a common market, open borders, and mutual security arrangements"—known in Israel as the Benelux solution, is acceptable to the majority of the population. The trouble is, as he admits, that no such solution is possible as long as there are threats of war and terrorism. But, he assures us, Iraq, Syria, and the PLO now want peace. One must assume, then, that the threats by the Iraqi president to incinerate half of Israel with chemical weapons in response to Israeli "aggression" against *any* Arab state—a definition broad enough to include the yet-to-be-born PLO state, whose existence Iraq recognizes—is a remarkably successful smokescreen for pacific cravings. Or that the feverish arming of Iraq's army with conventional and non-conventional weapons and the positioning of rocket launchers directed at Israel on the Jordanian border are merely playful games of oneupmanship. Or that the Iraqi foreign minister's announcement that war with Israel is inevitable and that Egypt would join it within a fortnight of its initiation is just headline-hunting bluster. But Mideast history shows that dismissing such "bluster," as Israel did in 1973, can be costly indeed.

Perhaps Mr. Tamir expects the Arabs to come to their senses at an international conference. But the Arabs and the Soviets have been calling for an international conference for over thirty years precisely because they know Israel would stand alone against a world community whose idea of bringing peace to the region is to demand *first*, not Arab disarmament and demilitarization, but an Israeli withdrawal to the 1967 lines, which would once again split Jerusalem, place a Palestinian state on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, and make Israel a mere eight to 15 miles wide for a substantial portion of its length. (Now that the East–West thaw is threatening weapons manufacturers with lean years, the U.S., USSR, and Western Europe are even less inclined to dampen the arms race.)

General Tamir does not mention the 1967 lines, knowing that no Israeli leader can accept a return to what Abba Eban once termed "the Auschwitz borders." He talks of "territorial compromise," which usually means partitioning the "West Bank," Gaza, and the

Mr. Bar-Illan is editorials editor of the Jerusalem Post.

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Golan Heights. But surely he does not believe that there is a single Arab leader who could agree to anything less than complete Israeli withdrawal and live.

The intentions of non-democratic regimes should not be measured by what their leaders say to the Western press or whisper at dinner parties. What counts is what they say in their own countries and what they do. In Arabic, the Arab regimes and the PLO show no intention of making peace. Their actions, which include the largest arms acquisitions in history and continued terrorism, speak even louder. If they accept a Palestinian stake in "the territories," it will be for the purpose of using it as a springboard for the final assault on Israel.

Is there hope for peace? General Tamir, by mentioning the crumbling walls of hostility everywhere, unintentionally hints at an answer. He just has the order of things wrong. What has brought the prospect of lasting peace to Europe is that democracy defeated totalitarianism. Modern democracies settle their differences without war. But there is as yet no prospect of a democratic revolution in the Arab world. If a democratic revolution does take place in Syria, Iraq, and Libya, whose leaders make Husak, Honecker, and Ceausescu look like avuncular headmasters, Israel and its neighbors will have their Benelux. □

MUHAMMAD HALLAJ

GENERAL TAMIR's observation that "the necessary conditions for a comprehensive Arab–Israeli peace have been created" is essentially valid, but it overlooks one important fact: in Israel, the peace constituency is still in opposition. He also exaggerates the role of East–West tensions in obstructing political settlement in the past. Factors other than the thaw in the cold war have been more important in bringing about the change. The Arab challenge to Israel's monopoly on weapons of mass destruction and the means of their delivery, and the rising cost of continued occupation owing to sustained Palestinian resistance, also contributed to the emergence of constituencies—on both sides—that view peace as a mutual interest.

The potential for peace is not self-executing, however, and General Tamir correctly identifies the principal issues that need to be resolved in order to translate the potential for peace into a peace agreement. His ideas about how the issues ought to be handled have much merit, because they uphold the basic premise—professed by all and betrayed by many—that Arab–Israeli peace is either comprehensive or illusory. General Tamir's acceptance of PLO partnership in peacemaking, of Palestinian statehood, and of regional demilitarization and regional security arrangements, and his recognition of Arab interests in Jerusalem, show fidelity to the concept of comprehensive peace, and thus give his proposal greater credibility.

Mr. Hallaj is director of the Palestine Research and Educational Center and editor of its magazine, Palestine Perspectives.

Many peace proposals falter because they are based on the (usually unspoken) assumption that peace is an Israeli right and an Arab obligation. General Tamir's proposal is based on the more realistic assumption that it is a mutual interest requiring reciprocal accommodation. The Palestinians have no quarrel with any peace process based on reciprocity of costs and benefits, and General Tamir's proposal approximates that condition.

In two instances, however, he equivocates. Although he sensibly argues that Israel's security is better safeguarded by a peaceful and cooperative regional environment than by frontiers, he violates that logic by wanting to exchange partial withdrawal for total peace. By advocating "territorial compromise" in the West Bank and the Golans, he betrays his inability to free himself of the Israeli obsession with territorial gains.

Similarly, he concedes only religious rights to the Arabs, but more general sovereign rights to Israel in Jerusalem. Jerusalem is more than a cluster of religious sites; it is also the historic capital of Palestine (until 1948), it is the geographic link between the northern and southern halves of the West Bank, and it is home to a Palestinian community of 150,000 people. □

DANIEL PIPES

GENERAL TAMIR combines faulty history with erroneous assumptions about Arab willingness to make peace. The result is a hopeless melange of wishful thinking and political impetuosity.

First a little history: It is nonsense to intimate that, had it not been for the great powers, Middle Easterners would have made peace after 1974. The last 15 years have witnessed the rise of Palestinian terrorism and PLO political prominence, both widely supported by Arab states. This genuine expression of Arab rejectionism cannot be blamed on U.S. or Soviet diplomacy.

Second, General Tamir's assumptions are questionable. How does he know that the Soviets wish to resolve the conflict "for the sake of world and regional peace"? That the Syrian and Iraqi governments are part of "an Arab party . . . seeking peace"? That Arabs as a whole "have a clear interest in peace with Israel"? General Tamir puts forward contentious interpretations as matters of simple fact; they are not.

Third, General Tamir's policy prescriptions are terrible. If the U.S. Government abandoned its pursuit of interim agreements in favor of a comprehensive peace, as he suggests, it would thereby offer to those least interested in reconciliation a veto over the peace process.

The five principles for a peace settlement defy logic or common sense.

1. What does it mean to call on Middle Easterners to resemble Western Europeans? This is preposterous: Are Lebanese to emulate Norwegians? Iraqis, Belgians?

2. A sovereign Palestinian state in the West Bank

Mr. Pipes is director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute and author, most recently, of Greater Syria *(Oxford University Press).*

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and Gaza Strip would be inherently unstable. If it survived the predations of its Arab neighbors, the irresistible urge to expand beyond constricted borders would lead to war with Israel. That war would, I wager, leave Palestine or Israel standing, but not both.

3. The Jerusalem issue cannot be so easily finessed; Palestinians demand that it be their capital, not Israel's or that of some fictive "Middle East community."

4. Territorial compromise in the Golan Heights defies experience; and it presumes changes in Syrian attitudes that have not occurred.

5. It is glib to assert that industrial countries will subsidize an Arab–Israeli peace. But assume they will: since when are Arabs or Israelis willing to call off their bitter struggle for the sake of cash?

These bad ideas appear to reflect the frustration and political weakness of Israeli's Labor Party. General Tamir, you have worked so long for a real peace settlement—compel yourself to wait a little longer. □

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

WITH THE cold war over and Communism licked, one strain of American conservatism, having no further use for former allies in the long twilight struggle, would like to be safely rid of them. Israelis, for example. Hence the recent interest of conservatives in any Israeli, preferably a general, who comes up with a plan for a Palestinian state. In the past, when similarly lethal "solutions" were advanced for inconvenient allies like South Vietnam, conservatives were the first to shout "appeasement" and to argue that these schemes for giving peace a chance were triumphs of hope over logic. Now, suddenly, hope reigns supreme.

Abraham Tamir's plan is a lovely one. I wish I could embrace it. The problem with it is that it is based on assumptions about Israel's neighborhood that are too fantastic to accept.

He writes: "War had by that time [1973] shown itself to be politically meaningless as well as inflicting unbearable casualties." That is true only of Israel's view of war post 1973. It is hardly true for Iraq, which launched a one-million-casualty war for no appreciable reason in 1979; for Syria, which blithely continues its 15-year involvement in Lebanon's civil war; or for Libya, which found the northern stretches of the Chadian desert a prize worth going to war over. And so on.

These countries simply do not share the recent Western—and I might add: liberal—fallacy that war is now obsolete. And for good reason. War is very much an option for the Arabs. As Saddam Hussein makes very clear, when they feel they have the strength, they are prepared to use it. Carving up Israel, depriving it of strategic depth, fundamentally weakening it by establishing a Palestinian state within artillery range of 80 per cent of its population will produce precisely the shift in the balance of forces that the Arabs need to launch the next war against Israel.

"There is today an Arab party, which includes Syria and Iraq, seeking peace." Such wishful thinking is embarrassing.

General Tamir is, of course, right that no conventional agreement between Israel and the PLO could possibly create a real peace; so he proposes an unconventional agreement, turning the Middle East into the European Community. His solution "requires a comprehensive peace, which in turn requires the framework of a common strategic and economic regional system, such as exists in Western Europe," "the framework of a community of nations with a common market, open borders, and mutual security arrangements," and "common systems to fight terrorism and to supervise security provisions." In the Middle East, you don't even find such arrangements among Arab countries. Not even among PLO factions. General Tamir dreams of them among PLO, Hashemite, and Jew. Benelux on the Jordan.

It is not just that it took several centuries for Benelux to become Benelux. It is that the final confederation took place in a political culture of secular liberalism—a culture alien to the Arab Middle East and, where tenuously established (if you stretch it, in Egypt, for example), now under relentless attack.

General Tamir outlines a wonderful vision of the future. I accept it. There is, however, zero chance that the relevant parties will. To design American and Israeli policy on such a basis is to invite disaster. □

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ROTH
ETHNIC UNREST, DEATH AND VIOLENCE... WE MIGHT AS WELL LIVE IN NEW YORK.
OCCUPIED TERRITORIES

Mr. Krauthammer is a syndicated columnist.

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Murder in New York

CRACKS IN THE MOSAIC

Who killed Yusuf Hawkins? Some punk?
The district of Bensonhurst? Or white America?
When it comes to bias crimes,
maybe the bias is in the eye of the media.

LORRIN ANDERSON

THE MILLS of justice grind slowly in New York, and they grind exceeding strange. Especially when race is involved. Most especially if the victim is black and the accused assailants are white. And the tragic events of nine months ago, in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, are only the centerpiece. The case has combined with a series of other shocks to jolt New Yorkers into painful, unavoidable awareness of just how deep the fissures are in what the city's new black mayor, David Dinkins, likes to call the "gorgeous mosaic": the bitter, race-tinged black boycott of two Korean groceries . . . sit-ins and extreme demands by students at the City University . . . Professor Levin and his unflattering views on black intelligence [see "Fear and Loathing at City College," June 11] . . . an attempt by New Jersey's chief magistrate to bar filming of a *Bonfire of the Vanities* courthouse sequence on the grounds that it shows blacks in a bad light . . . Bernie Goetz back in court, fighting a lawsuit by one of the black kids he shot on the subway—every other story in the papers blares race crisis in one way or another.

The Bensonhurst case itself is riddled with irony, paradox, and legal ambiguity. Did Joey Fama (white, Italian) fire the shots that killed Yusuf Hawkins (black) on a Bensonhurst street corner nine months ago? Probably. But the question was not resolved by the jury that convicted Fama of murder on May 17. The jury ducked the issue, deciding, with an instructional assist from Judge Thaddeus Owens, that it could return a murder verdict—on the grounds of "depraved indifference" to human life—if Fama was merely among the two dozen whites involved in the confrontation with Hawkins and his three black friends. Fama, the judge said, need not even have had a gun. (The murder weapon was never recovered.)

That reasoning would appear to mean that *all* of the whites at the scene that night were guilty of murder, whatever their role or intent. But the next day, a separate jury returned a far different verdict against the "alleged ringleader," as he is usually described: 19-year-old Keith Mondello. It found Mondello guilty of riot, menacing, discrimination, and possession of a weapon (a baseball bat), but acquitted him not only of murder but of manslaughter. Six other young whites remain to be tried, five of them on murder charges.

Facts and Riddles

THE UNCONTESTED facts of the Bensonhurst case are these: On the night of August 23, 1989, 16-year-old Yusuf Hawkins and three friends traveled to Bensonhurst from their homes in Brooklyn's mostly black and Hispanic East New York section to look at a used car that had been advertised for sale. As they walked peaceably down the street, expecting no trouble, they encountered something quite different and terrifying: a gang of young whites, armed with baseball bats and, as it turned out, at least one gun. In the confused confrontation that followed, one of the whites pulled out or was handed a gun and fired several shots at Hawkins, at close range. Hawkins died of two bullet wounds in the chest. His three friends were not physically harmed. The whites ran away.

Beyond that, the events of August 23 are murkily uncertain. Why did the young whites gather on the street with their baseball bats? The question leads directly to a spirited but troubled and perhaps manipulative young woman named Gina Feliciano, half Hispanic, who lived with her Italian mother across the street from the Mondello family. (Like Miss Feliciano, Mondello is only half Italian; his mother is a Jewish convert to Catholicism.) Gina and Keith had been friendly at one time—though not lovers—but the relationship turned sour, the sourness escalating into a feud. Gina had black and Hispanic friends from outside the neighborhood, and her 18th birthday was coming up; news reports have often said, without

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qualification, that Mondello and his friends were simply intent on keeping the blacks from coming to Gina's party. Mondello says—and most people in Bensonhurst believe—that Gina instigated the trouble by telling Keith and others that her friends—two dozen of them—were coming to the neighborhood to beat him up. Mondello's lawyer, Stephen Murphy, claims that Mondello and his friends were also worried about an invasion of drug dealers. (Gina used drugs and apparently still does. She dropped out of a rehabilitation program before testifying for the prosecution at the trial, and five days after the Mondello verdict she was picked up on the subway for fare beating and charged with possession of cocaine—15 vials of crack fell out of her purse, police said, and she had a crack pipe in her bra.)

'Is It Them?'

IN ANY CASE, the charge of racism against Mondello and his troops suffers seriously from at least one curious fact: one of the young men who helped round up the bats to fend off the supposed invaders was Russell Gibbons, a 21-year-old Bensonhurst resident who not only is black but who remains a close friend of Mondello's. (Mondello also has a number of Hispanic friends.) Gibbons testified at the trial that he picked up the bats along with his best friend, 22-year-old Charles Stressler, one of the Bensonhurst whites whose trial on murder charges is still pending. Gibbons was not charged. He was called as a witness for the prosecution, but his testimony may have been of more help to the defense in suggesting to the jury that racism was not the crux of the case. There is also testimony from both sides—the whites and Hawkins's black friends—that the whites were confused, asking each other repeatedly, "Is it them? Is it them?"—referring, presumably, to the supposed outside invaders. If the whites were out to get blacks—any blacks—who happened into the neighborhood, Stephen Murphy asked with some logic, why were Hawkins's friends not hurt?

The bulk of Murphy's final statement was devoted to Gina Feliciano, who was given immunity from prosecution for her admitted drug offenses and for any culpable role she might have played in the Bensonhurst case. "She lied," he said. "She perjured herself. . . . She divides, polarizes eight million people. . . . It's despicable what she did, making this a racial incident." Of his client, Murphy said, "You can convict him for being a jerk. He is a jerk. He let her make a jerk of him. But it isn't a crime to be a jerk."

Then prosecutor Paul Burns took over, pressing for a murder conviction and pulling out most of the stops in an effort to persuade the jury that there was one primary motivation behind the killing: race. And he indicted the community, scornfully decrying the "amnesia of Bensonhurst" that he said had kept people from coming forward to testify.

Stephen Murphy, who won acquittal for one of the white defendants in the Howard Beach case (and who also represents black clients), is a small, compact man who looks like an over-age choirboy. But he's an imposing courtroom presence, lacing his sidewalks-of-New-York style with occasional lapses in grammar; whether or not the jury was swayed by his summation, he probably won for his client the best Mondello could have hoped for: acquittal on the murder and manslaughter charges. An appeal seems unlikely, although Mondello will probably still do time on the riot and other charges—conceivably as much as 15 years.

Joey Fama, also 19, could get 25 years to life on his murder conviction. But the Fama verdict raises some unusual questions. While he compromised the presumption of innocence by fleeing upstate after he was accused (he's not the brightest kid in the world), the case against him was weak, further crippled when one of the Bensonhurst whites, John Vento, changed his mind about testifying for the prosecution in exchange for leniency. (Vento is now charged with murder.) In the end, Fama's prosecutors had to rely heavily on three unpersuasive witnesses: two jailhouse con men (with early paroles to gain), who said Fama told them he killed Hawkins, and a mentally unstable Bensonhurst twenty-year-old named Frankie Tighe, who testified that he saw Fama shoot Hawkins. Tighe, who has claimed to be "controlled by helicopters," later changed his mind, telling Fama's lawyer (on videotape) that he had been pressured by the cops and actually just imagined it all. Armed with the videotape, Fama's lawyer, David DePetris, tried to reopen his case, but Judge Owens said no. Since both juries were sequestered, neither of them heard the recantation. But Fama jurors said they had discounted Tighe's testimony anyway, along with that of the jailhouse informants.

Lisa Haney

DePetris had based his whole defense on rebutting the prosecution's claim that Fama was the trigger man. But after the summations, Judge Owens threw the defense a curve, instructing the jurors that they could find Fama guilty of "depraved indifference" murder if he was merely at the scene, "acting in concert" with others bent on mayhem. DePetris had clashed with Owens repeatedly, accusing him of favoring the prosecution, and the consensus of legal scholars is that the judge's instructions to the jury provide strong grounds for a successful appeal.

Judge Owens, who is black, is a respected jurist chosen to preside over the trial by Brooklyn's administrative

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judge; ordinarily, judges are assigned by a sort of lottery system. Both the Fama and Mondello juries were racially mixed: six whites and three blacks on each, the rest Hispanics, except for one East Indian on the Fama panel. Each jury deliberated for 11 grueling days, and apparently there were splits along racial lines: one Mondello juror told the *Daily News* anonymously after the verdict that there was little disagreement on the riot and lesser charges, but that two white jurors had been adamantly against murder and manslaughter convictions from the start and finally carried the day for acquittal.

'No Justice, No Peace'

THE COURTROOM scenes after each of the verdicts were, to say the least, electric. As the Fama conviction was announced, several of the jurors wept; most of them said later that they hadn't believed Fama was the trigger man. Hawkins's father, Moses Stewart, shouted, "Yeah!" and put his arm around the dead boy's mother, Diane, pumping an arm in victory as Fama shook his head and his family sat stony-faced. But the rejoicing in the courtroom, and on the streets outside, was reversed the next day when Mondello was acquitted of murder: Mondello gulped and blinked; his father shouted, "It's God! Jesus is risen!" Hawkins partisans on the other side of the courtroom leapt to their feet, yelling and cursing, and the inevitable Al Sharpton ("advisor" to the victim's family) pointed to the jury foreman, a black woman named Mimi Snowden, and told her: "You're finished—you." Outside, in the late-afternoon sun, militants took off on a protest march through downtown Brooklyn, carrying a mock coffin with Yusuf Hawkins's name on it and a banner with their favorite slogan: "No justice, no peace!" There was no serious violence yet. But things got uglier as the evening wore on: demonstrators, a couple of hundred by now, marched from the courthouse to the Hawkins home in East New York, looting a couple of stores (one of them a Korean grocery) and throwing rocks and bottles at TV news vans. The police made no arrests, apparently on an official theory that anything so assertive might be inflammatory.

The next day, Al Sharpton and his friends mounted another of their periodic marches through Bensonhurst, and, as usual, part of Bensonhurst rose to the bait, providing the news people with more racial epithets and watermelon displays to relay to a waiting city.

The role of the press (including, of course, television news) has been disturbing, most notably in the simplistic and often flatly inaccurate way it has consistently described the killing and the circumstances leading up to it. As late as May 17, the day before the Mondello verdict, Linda Ellerbee noted in her *New York Post* column that "two white men are on trial because a young woman told her boyfriend she was breaking up with him and might start to go out with black and Hispanic men." The thumbnail sketch is outrageous, but so it goes; the press and television, in its day-to-day coverage, often bought that version without qualification. And the possibility that it might be something more complex than a racial murder, pure and simple, has almost invariably gotten short shrift. Bill Beutel, in a typical report on WABC-TV on May 17, said: "Yusuf Hawkins was gunned down simply because he was a black in a white neighborhood."

Aside from that carelessness with the facts, the complaint that the press sensationalized the Bensonhurst case seems dubious: it simply *was* (and is) a sensational story. And while the press has been accused of giving inordinate attention to the fulminations of Sharpton and his allies, it actually downplayed the depth of black racism that was on display around the courthouse for anybody to see and hear. Sharpton's widely reported threat that acquittals on the murder charges would be an invitation to "burn the town down" almost pales in comparison with the words of a young black man who harangued a crowd across from the courthouse after the Mondello verdict. "Don't let the white man know you're coming," he said. "When you're coming you just come. Don't turn your Uzis on your brothers. Turn 'em on your enemies. God used violence to cleanse the earth, so we're just gonna do God's work."

"What do we want?" somebody yells. "War!" the crowd answers. "War! War! War! War! War! War! Justice for Yusuf! No justice, no peace!"

It would be mistaken to give too much weight to the bombast. For one thing, there is no reason to believe that such sentiments are shared by more than a rather small proportion of black New Yorkers; my own feeling is that a large reservoir of interracial goodwill remains in New York, in spite of everything. For another, an air of theatricality hangs over the verbal virulence. But words can take on their own momentum. Despite the heavy police presence, Mondello's lawyer, Murphy, not only was frequently taunted ("racist bastard") but was kicked and punched as he headed for lunch one day (he declined to press charges). The TV people were repeatedly hassled for "paying too much attention" to Murphy. I watched one day as a veteran black reporter from WCBS-TV, Chris Borgen, stopped disgustedly to give the complainers a sermon on free speech and the right of *any* criminal defendant to legal counsel. The response? "F--- Channel 2! F--- Channel 2! F--- Channel 2!"

Hearts in the Right Place

SO THE PRESS got it from both sides. But most reporters were clearly eager to show that their hearts were in the right place. The restrained treatment of black racism contrasted strikingly with the loving attention lavished on the white racism that reared its head as Sharpton toured Bensonhurst, blowing kisses at the hostile crowds. What's so awful about the marches, one white resident told me, is that "they make you hate people you don't really hate."

While largely white and heavily Italian, Bensonhurst is not "segregated"—few if any sections of New York are these days. The community has a sizable Hispanic population and some blacks, like Russell Gibbons and his family, also live there. If Yusuf Hawkins died because he "crossed one of the invisible lines that separate white from black New York," as reporter William Glaberson put it in the *Times*, there was certainly no barrier when I was in Bensonhurst shortly before the Mondello verdict. Blacks, including young men, were coming and going on the very block where Hawkins had been killed, and while the ambience may be different when the sun goes down, nobody was giving them a second look.

There has been, in the press cover-

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age of Bensonhurst, a strong undercurrent of elitist prejudice against working-class Italians, reflected most luminously, perhaps, in a *New York Post* column by Pete Hamill about "The Punks of Guidoville"—"brainless little dirtbags," in Hamill's healing phrase. Now, Bensonhurst has its share of unsavory young punks, but the striking thing is that the press can, and does, say things about them that it would hardly dream of saying about the black and Hispanic punks who, more and more, are making New York a frightening place to live (Mondello's prosecutor, Paul Burns, was mugged the day after the verdict). And what underlies New York's racial crisis—with Bensonhurst as the inflammatory main event—is fear of crime and social chaos.

BACK TO THE STREETS

THIS PAST January, Ghislaine Felissaint, a 44-year-old Haitian, came to the counter at the Red Apple grocery in Flatbush, owned by Bong Jae Jang, and offered $2 for $3 worth of cassavas. When the female clerk refused to bargain, Miss Felissaint called her a name. Words were exchanged, and Bong tried to evict Miss Felissaint, who ended up lying on the floor, claiming serious injury. She was treated at a nearby hospital for a scratch on her cheek and released.

Since that time, pickets have marched in front of the Red Apple, trying to shut it down. Leading the effort is one Sonny Carson, a Sixties relic who was once convicted of kidnapping and who received $65,000 from David Dinkins last November for a get-out-the-vote effort in Dinkins's mayoral campaign.

It would be hard to find a more blatant example of racism. Carson has told neighborhood blacks not to "shop with people who don't look like us." The demonstrators outside have regularly shouted "Chink!" at the storekeepers. Yet for slow-witted New York liberals, this has all been difficult to comprehend.

Thus, as late as April 18—without ever having reported the story—the *New York Times* was condoning the boycott in an editorial called "Black Militancy." At this point, the *New York Post*, which had been doggedly covering the boycott, went ballistic. A scathing *Post* editorial so embarrassed the *Times* that the paper took the dramatic step of *sending out a reporter to cover the story*. Three weeks later, the *Times* switched sides.

The anti-Korean boycott has served as a melancholy counterpoint to the Bensonhurst trials. For several days the Koreans, seeking an injunction against the picketers, were in the same courthouse in which the trials were being held and regularly confronted Al Sharpton and his troops outside. Mayor Dinkins (undoubtedly following the *Times*'s lead) ignored the whole issue for a while, then condemned Carson, then backtracked again, defending the boycotters. The emotional high point came when Fred McCray, a teacher at neighboring Erasmus High School, led his all-black class into the Red Apple to buy lunch. He was immediately threatened by Carson and other black leaders and quickly asked for a transfer.

In support of free enterprise and in the interest of reportorial curiosity, I wandered across Prospect Park a couple of times to buy groceries.

On my first trip, in late April, the store seemed completely deserted. Several policemen patrolled the sidewalk, while a single black man stood outside, droning, "They beat a black woman in there. Would you shop there if it was your wife?" Only after hallooing several times did I rouse one of the Bong family, a young man who was sleeping on a wooden table in the back. The store is manned 24 hours a day for fear of arson.

On my second visit, a lone black woman was also shopping. Neither of us said anything, but there was a tremendous sense of camaraderie as we browsed the salted fish and Oriental spices.

By my third trip, the television stations had discovered the issue. A noisy crowd of demonstrators—nearly all men—was at the police barricades. Inside, several black women shopped and jawed with the demonstrators. "I'll shop any damned place I please," shouted one as she picked through the vegetables. "I'll be back here every day. Every day!"

Later, I ran into the woman outside. "Why did you go in there?" I asked.

"Because I live in this neighborhood," she said. Then, sensing that that wasn't really enough, she added, "Because we all have the same color blood." I told her she was much braver than I.

Despite all the drivel about "grievances on both sides," it is obvious that the controlling emotion is the bitterness and jealousy felt by blacks who have failed to escape from the poverty cycle and must now watch new immigrants achieving upward mobility.

The sexual breakdown is also revealing. It has long been evident that poor black women maintain middle-class standards slightly better than their male counterparts. Many underclass and unemployed black men seem locked into a warrior mentality that limits their activities to sports, crime, and other intense physical activities. The boycott—with its rhetoric about "protecting black women"—seemed like yet another forlorn effort to justify these inclinations.

All this, of course, has its explosive possibilities. The black men who have been cuckolded by the welfare state form a fertile recruiting ground for racial agitators like Al Sharpton and Sonny Carson. And when agitation spills over into violence, New York's reigning liberals are always ready with excuses. When a group of black teenagers beat up several Vietnamese only blocks away, breaking one man's skull, it appeared that the city was teetering on the brink of ethnic warfare. But the *Times* rushed to assure its readers that the attack didn't reflect "bias" because the teenagers shouted their racial epithets *after* the attack began, rather than before. Violence thrives in a culture of excuses. New York is becoming a perfect example.

—WILLIAM TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is the author of The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policy *(Regnery Gateway).*

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"Young thugs roam the subway in the middle of the day, beating up people for the sport of it . . . neighborhoods once regarded as reasonably secure have turned into combat zones . . . rich and poor alike running out of safe passages . . . police authority and traditional sanctions undermined by civil-liberties groups and activist judges . . . inventive readings of the Constitution give endless procedural rights to a violent minority. . . ."

What is this, some right-wing hysteric lamenting the passage of the good old days? Well, no: it's Andy Stein—president of the New York City Council, once and future mayoral aspirant and liberal Democrat—writing on the op-ed page of the *New York Times*. Stein doesn't mention race, except in a brief, obligatory swipe at Bensonhurst. But he knows, as everybody else does, that it is not the Guidos he's talking about. Blacks and Hispanics, mostly young, commit 80 to 90 per cent of the city's violent crime. Under the circumstances, communities like Howard Beach and Bensonhurst tend to be a tad apprehensive.

Likely Victims

BLACKS, on the other hand, are apprehensive not only about crime in general—of which they are the most frequent victims—but about the possibility that *any* young black man, innocent or otherwise, is a candidate for martyrdom at the hands of the cops or a white mob: "It could be *your* kid." That feeling is probably all but universal among black New Yorkers, even people whose views on law and order otherwise differ very little if at all from those of their white counterparts. Given the historical legacy of slavery, lynchings, and oppression, the fear is easy to understand. But one reason Bensonhurst exploded into the headlines so mercilessly was its rarity; in fact, young blacks today are in far more danger in predominantly black settings. There were almost two thousand murders in New York last year, and three-fourths involved blacks killing other blacks.

Black crime is one of those delicate subjects that you have to tiptoe around if you don't want to be called a racist or, if you're black yourself, a traitorous Tom. Ed Koch's black police commissioner, Ben Ward, got into hot water a couple of years back when he suggested publicly that the black community had a serious crime problem and needed to face the fact frankly and straightforwardly. Nobody *knows* what to do about crime, of course, and the well-worn poverty/hate/discrimination rationalization is a half-truth that retains its appeal for a lot of people: Governor Mario Cuomo used the occasion of a "Rally for Racial Unity" in New York on May 23 to trot out the old blame-the-feds dodge. But could it be that Andy Stein's *cri de coeur* is a straw in the wind? An incipient bonfire of the pieties?

If "hate incidents" and "bias crimes" are on the rise nationally, as the *Times* tells us, might that be at least partly because the prescriptions for curing our racial ills have backfired? That reverse discrimination and endless excuses for social pathology have only exacerbated racial frictions? That we are kept from coming to grips with reality by a guilt-ridden liberal racism that patronizes blacks with the tacit assumption that they are somehow not to be held to the same standards as the rest of society?

Mayor Dinkins, meanwhile, is ostentatiously doing his best to cool things down, but like most other politicians, black and white, he feels impelled to overstate the racial nature of the Hawkins killing: Mondello and Fama are "guilty of racism in the first degree." Just the kind of talk to speed the healing process. But Dinkins is in a bind, under increasing fire from black leaders, not all of them extremists, who accuse him of not being militant enough or forceful enough or black enough—"too many yarmulkes on his head," according to the lawyer C. Vernon Mason: too many Jewish connections. A Jewish weekly in Brooklyn, meanwhile, has called for Dinkins's resignation, on the grounds that he is "clearly not up to dealing with the virtual criminal revolution that pervades New York City." Actually, aside from the platitudinous rhetoric, about the only concrete step Dinkins has taken so far is to call again for a state law that would provide stiffer penalties for "bias crimes" against people of a race, religion, or sexual preference different from the criminal's own. Presumably this would mean, say, that a black mugger who attacked an old Caucasian woman while muttering "white bitch" would be punished more grievously than if he merely robbed and assaulted an old black woman, although one isn't sure that's the kind of incident they have in mind.

The Bensonhurst case, meanwhile, has not yet run its course. The next trials are coming up this month, and the feds are talking about a possible prosecution of Mondello on charges of civil-rights violations. If there's another round, however, Stephen Murphy apparently will be sitting it out: he is pulling out of the case, saying the Mondello family hasn't paid him. And Brooklyn DA Joe Hynes, who orchestrated the Bensonhurst prosecutions, is having his own professional troubles: he had to boot a top aide who used the word *shvartzer* in an office discussion of black crime, and he has ousted two white deputy bureau chiefs who seem to have had problems getting along with Hynes-appointed black superiors. Some colleagues of the two deputies are muttering that they were fired for being better than their bosses.

And that's about it from Lake Wobegon. □

AMERICAN BROADCASTING

RADIO FREEING EUROPE

G. R. URBAN

FUTURE historians, looking back at the demise of the Soviet system and the fragmentation of the Soviet empire, will point to the work of Western broadcasting stations as one of their collateral causes. It is well appreciated that the Voice of America, the BBC, and Deutsche Welle all made significant contributions; but it is Radio Free Europe and

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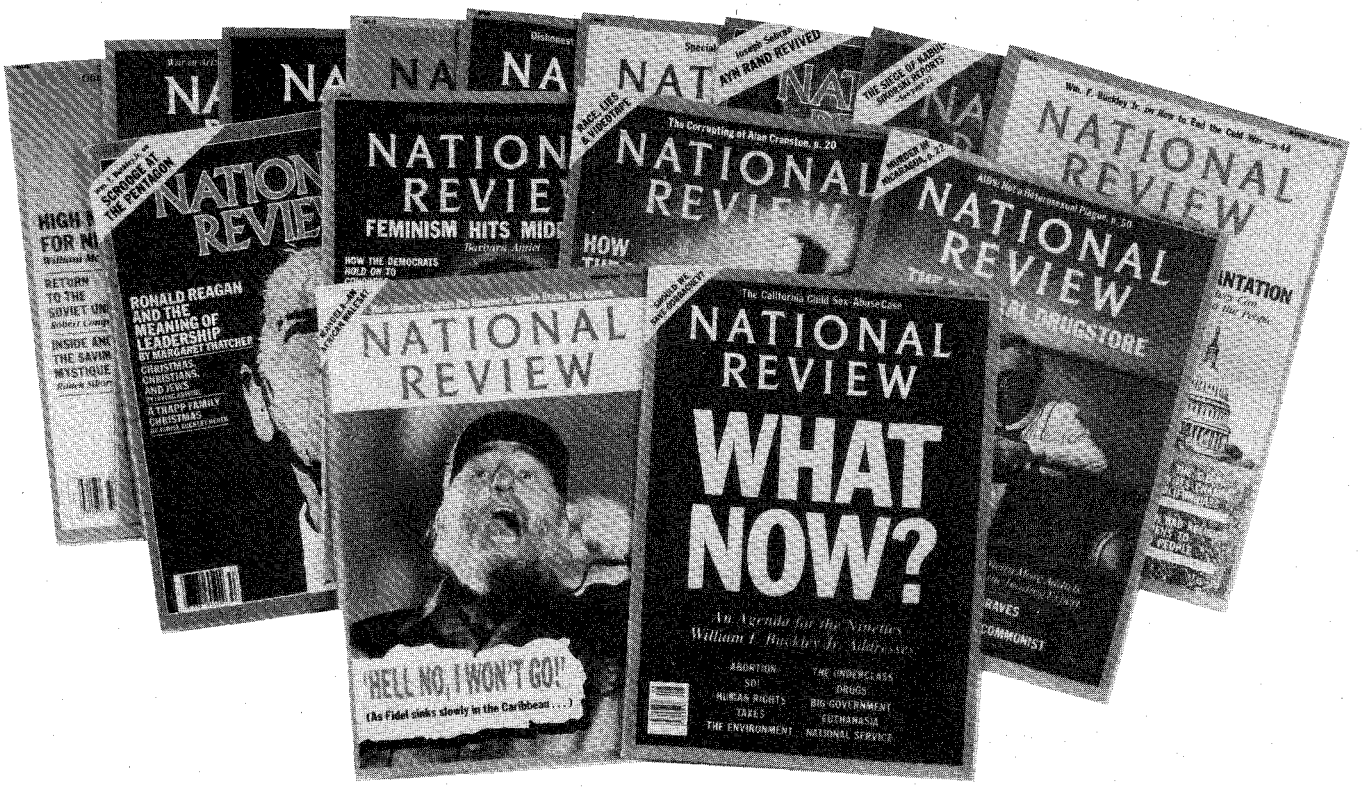

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Radio Liberty that will stand out as the great success story.

Radio Free Europe's extraordinary impact has been due to the simple formula of offering listeners the services of an alternative "home" radio. While the Voice of America is an agent of the U.S. Government, representing American culture and American foreign policy, Radio Free Europe has a different brief. It addresses Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Slovaks, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians in the names of their own cultures and on behalf of their own institutions. A "first person plural" radio, it speaks through the voices of authentic representatives of the most varied shades of opinion of their nations. They present ways of being and thinking different from those which were, until very recently, foisted upon their countrymen by Soviet-style governments.

One aspect of Radio Free Europe's activities—perhaps the most important—is little known to Americans. The station that started life as a weapon of confrontation with the Soviet system has developed, over the decades, into an agent of national responsibility and moderation. Up to and during the 1989 cataclysm, Radio Free Europe played a crucial part in making the transformation peaceful and temperate. Except in Rumania, the seismic changes in Central and Eastern Europe have claimed not a single life. Bearing in mind the indignities that had been heaped upon these countries since 1945, this could not have been taken for granted.

Radio Free Europe's tradition of thoroughgoing identification with its audiences has redounded to the great benefit of American public diplomacy, and at surprisingly little cost to the American taxpayer—an annual expenditure of less than half the cost of a single Stealth bomber (which will probably never be used in anger).

The future of American broadcasting is now under examination by the National Security Council and will be discussed by the House Foreign Affairs Committee. How will the opening of Central and Eastern Europe affect the American broadcasting effort?

Clearly, the kind of public diplomacy for which the Voice of America is responsible has to continue for reasons of U.S. prestige and as an aid to policies pursued by the State Department. America would be a limping giant without the support of such broadcasts.

But the quality of the Voice of America leaves much to be desired. Its intellectual provincialism, its lack of any ability or inclination to cross the frontier between American values and those of the countries addressed, its moralizing rhetoric, and the bureaucratic imprint of Foggy Bottom suggest the need for wholesale reform and probably for an overall reduction of broadcasting hours, staff, and, therefore, expenditure over and above the cuts already planned.

The Empathy Formula

WHAT ABOUT Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty? The "empathy formula" developed by these two radios should be retained and its application extended. Radio Liberty, which addresses the Soviet Union in 12 languages, is clearly of continuing and probably increasing relevance. The state of freedom in the Soviet Union is highly contingent, and the chances of upheavals, disintegration, and even civil war are high. The May Day demonstrators had a large piece of the truth on their side when they described, in Mr. Gorbachev's presence, the Soviet state as the "Red Fascist Empire."

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"The computers are down. Does anyone remember how to add and subtract?"

Radio Free Europe presents a somewhat, but not altogether, different picture. In Rumania and Bulgaria civil society has been atomized. It is emerging from the debilitating grip of Communism only with great difficulty. The three Baltic states (which are handled by Radio Free Europe, not Radio Liberty) are struggling for independence in the face of daily threats from Moscow. In Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, where democracy and independence have the best chance of putting down roots, forty years of one-party rule cannot be overcome by a single set of free elections.

From Lech Walesa to Vaclav Havel and the newly elected Hungarian leaders, the Central European political class is unanimous in advising us that Radio Free Europe is essential for the development of free societies. Mr. Walesa makes a point of telling anyone prepared to listen (he told me personally recently in Gdansk) that Radio Free Europe is indispensable to the democratic development of Poland, and President Havel said much the same thing upon the inauguration, on May 24, of the Radio's office in Prague. With demand as clear as that, it would be both foolish and an insult to America's best traditions if we shut down or curtailed the work of the Radios. That would be widely seen in Europe as a retreat of the U.S. from *the* crucial region of the world political scene.

Yet it is conceivable that, in five or ten years' time, Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty's present mandate will have outlived its usefulness. If that were to happen, how should the U.S. go about projecting its influence?

The fragmentation of Soviet power and the collapse of the ideological magnetism of the Communist creed are creating new areas of instability and reinforcing old ones. In Europe, in addition to Rumania, Bulgaria, and the Soviet Union itself, Yugoslavia and Albania have already joined the instability league. In the Third World, China is ripening for thoroughgoing change or radical upheavals, and Cuba for revolution. Syria, Iraq, and Iran are centers of Islamic fundamentalism from which threats to what used to be known as Christendom are already coming. If China is hit by turbulence, trouble in North Korea and Vietnam would not be long in coming. One could go on.

Mr. Urban, director of Radio Free Europe 1983–1986, is the author of several books on Soviet and Eastern European affairs.

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American interests, as well as those of world peace, demand that there should exist a flexible American instrument to offer empathetic approaches to nations going through such upheavals. For obvious reasons, the Voice of America is not the right instrument—it is in a position to extend sympathy but not empathy. Radio Free Europe, however, might. It might form the core of a new U.S.-sponsored broadcasting authority specifically dedicated to addressing the world's kernels of instability. What is envisioned here is adding a flexible, global component to the regional mission of Radio Free Europe without jeopardizing the latter. America's voice, speaking in the first person plural, would reach every country that found itself involved—whether by its own volition or because it was the victim of outside pressure—in activities threatening world stability and individual freedom.

U.S. sponsorship must sit lightly on any refashioned broadcasting authority. Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty is American in one sense, but strongly European in another. That has been a secret of its success. The new authority should be similarly outward-looking. Its mandate might be appropriately framed in the language of the Helsinki human-rights provisions, which make a large number of formerly domestic issues the concern of the international community. There could be no finer legitimation of a new era in American broadcasting. □

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

THE RED BLUES

BRIAN CROZIER

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV flies home from the applause of Washington to a more demanding audience of Muscovites, who delivered their verdict on *perestroika* by clearing the supermarket shelves in a rush of panic buying, and by electing Gorbachev's principal domestic critic, Boris Yeltsin, to the presidency of the Russian Republic. Soviet troops meanwhile shot down a dozen rioting Armenians in Yerevan, and Lithuania maintained its refusal to submit to Moscow's will.

On paper, President Gorbachev has all the powers he needs to handle the situation, including that of martial law. Not to be overlooked, either, are the retrospective laws blocking the application of specific articles of the Constitution. Thus, the Lithuanian declaration of independence (under Article 72, which unconditionally guarantees the right "freely to secede") came on March 11, and the law making it illegal was dated April 3. The day before, the Supreme Soviet had banned incitement to ethnic or territorial division, with draconian penalties for separatist agitation.

But what if the troops start to desert *en masse* and even more officers get murdered? (Last year's tally was 59: an official figure.) Gorbachev's powers are on paper, and powers do not necessarily mean authority.

Who Gets the Missiles?

AT THIS TIME, let's face it, the internal empire (essentially, the czarist empire, Leninized) is splitting at the seams. But in two major spheres, the Soviet Union is very real: weaponry and economic resources. Who is to control those scattered intercontinental or intermediate-range nuclear missiles if the empire splits? Who will grab the Siberian oil and what's left of the oily Caucasus? Little Lithuania quickly faced the problem of empty auto tanks.

Meanwhile, Gorbachev continues his quite remarkable balancing act. There is a widespread view in the West that, as a *Time* magazine cover back in February put it, "Gorbachev turns his back on Lenin." Wrong.

The most significant aspect of his major speech of April 20, on the anniversary of Lenin's birth, lay in the fact that he still finds it necessary to invoke Lenin's name to justify *perestroika*. "*Perestroika*," said Gorbachev, "reveals the true Lenin to us." But what else can he do? The regime still has no basis for legitimacy apart from Leninism. If Gorbachev were to stand for election and be returned by the measured will of the voters, that would be another matter. But there seems to be no question of that.

Of course the speech was peppered with choice Newspeak phrases, but it also contained a number of coded messages which could bear a quite sinister interpretation, such as: "The Bolshevik art of convincing the people of one's correctness needs to be revived." Indeed. Gorbachev also called for protection against "informal groups"—just 11 days before the May Day parade, when informal groups drove him and his Politburo colleagues away from the Lenin mausoleum.

But it is not only opposition from "informal groups" that must now concern him. All the signs are that the great unraveling of the Communist Party itself is looming ahead. To be precise, at the end of June, when the 28th Congress of the ruling Soviet Communist Party (CPSU) is scheduled to take place. At that time, assuming the leaders of the "moderates" stick to their intentions, the Party is due to split right down the middle.

Who are these moderates? They certainly include, most prominently, Boris Yeltsin, who is far more able than the facile label of "maverick" would indicate. They also include the Vorkuta miners, whose strike last year shook President Gorbachev. The issue was not the absence of soap, as *Pravda*'s untruth had it, but the more fundamental issue of the Party's monopoly of power.

That is why the moderates intend to force the issue by hiving off and renaming themselves, collectively, the Social Democratic Party. But (a big "but") they want to do more than hive off: they intend to hang on to the Party property now under their control: buildings, printing presses, television equipment, stocks of newsprint, cars, apartments, dachas: the lot.

Unlike the shoestring dissidents with their courageous little *samizdat* sheets, these people are rich with the

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spoils of past Party expropriation. And they intend to stay rich. In London the other day, one of the miners' leaders spelled out the grand design for me.

We talked about wider issues, too, such as the cohesion and unity of the USSR, and I have to say that the visitor made me short of breath. Lithuanian independence? Georgian assertiveness? Kazakh restiveness? Small stuff. The man was talking about independence for *Russia*. If Russia goes independent, what's left for Mikhail Gorbachev to preside over? □

THE OPEN QUESTION

HOW SWEET IS MARY JANE?

BRAD MINER

THE CASE for legalizing recreational drugs has been thoroughly, often effectively, argued. I remain skeptical, though I've been impressed by those who emphasize decriminalization. But what about an argument that holds that certain drugs now banned are actually *harmless*? That's what my friend Keith Mano contends in a recent Gimlet Eye ["Marijuana," May 14].

I'm troubled by the technical airiness of the contention that marijuana isn't dangerous. And I'm weary of the abuse Mr. Mano and others level at booze. Arguments against alcohol—which Mr. Mano calls "ten thousand times more destructive than pot"—simply do not stand as arguments *for* marijuana.

Primarily, Mr. Mano discusses what marijuana isn't; it isn't crack, heroin, or "ice." He makes the further assertion that, while pot isn't for kids, shouldn't be smoked, and isn't safe if you're driving, it nonetheless won't "destroy kids," isn't addictive, and won't cause physical or psychological damage.

That's wrong. The latest research on the *latest* marijuana indicates that it is indeed an addictive drug; one that is almost always smoked; one that wrecks the lives of many of its millions of adolescent users. One-quarter of all American teenagers smoked dope last year. That's the bad news. The good news is that's about half what the figure was a decade ago. The twin forces of prohibition and education are working. Legalization would undermine the very arguments that have been winning the battle.

But let's consider the serious drug we're discussing. What puts the devil in the "demon weed"?

Mostly THC, which stands for delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol, a complex substance containing more than four hundred known chemicals, subsequently broken down by the body into another two thousand, most of them unstudied. What we do know indicates that THC's by-products are like Krazy Glue in the user's brain. It takes a month for the body to eliminate just the known chemicals left by one joint; if a chronic user quits, it takes at least three months. What long-term mischief THC may cause is still anybody's guess, but tests on rhesus monkeys (using the monkey equivalent of two to three joints per day) have shown significant brain-cell damage.

Psychological addiction is common among younger users, and younger users (14 and under) are common. What's worse for school-age kids is the way pot impairs short-term memory, ability to concentrate, and attention span. Experts call this the "eraser effect," which phrase speaks for itself.

Pot's effects on cardiopulmonary health are well known. Studies have shown that otherwise healthy pot smokers—two joints a day—have 25 per cent more airway impairment than cigarette smokers who put away a pack a day. And most pot smokers also smoke cigarettes. A Vietnam autopsy study showed that pot/cigarette smokers had a pre-cancerous-cell incidence of 91 per cent. It takes a long time for such cancerous cells to grow, but animal studies indicate that pot smoke causes cancer development more quickly than cigarette smoke.

And the heart? Pulse and blood pressure increase dramatically on pot. Pot also boosts carbon-monoxide levels in the blood—an invitation to cardiac arrest. But all this comes from smoking it, and Mr. Mano favors the Alice B. Toklas method, so perhaps I shouldn't fault him here. Then again, let's be realistic: legal or illegal, when the point is not the love of chocolate but the desire to get high, how many people are going get out the Betty Crocker mix, stir in the Mary Jane, bake for thirty minutes, and then wait another twenty minutes after eating for the drug to kick in?

As to the sperm change which Mr. Mano considers pot's only black mark, it is certainly very real. THC also accumulates in the ovaries—whether smoked *or eaten*. Female rhesus monkeys tested had trouble conceiving, and then gave birth to nearly four times the usual number of stillborn offspring.

Can Do

THE AMERICAN can-do—in this case, *anything*—spirit is changing everything that we *thought* we knew about pot. In the Sixties, the THC in pot weighed in at about 0.5 per cent of volume; three decades of botanical refinement later, it's 10 per cent. Which means today's teenager smokes a joint the equal of twenty of his father's.

When you buy a bottle of Beefeater, you know exactly what you're getting in terms of ingredients and potency. But when you score some grass—or grow it yourself—you know practically nothing about what you roll up in the old Bambu. The pleasures of gin or wine or beer are partly in the neurological effects, partly in the aesthetics of taste. With pot there is only the high.

Finally, people who start using marijuana rarely stop. And 98 per cent of all cocaine users have used marijuana; for 93 per cent of them, pot came first.

Harmless? Hardly. *Deadly* may be too strong a word, but it's closer to the truth than *safe*. □

Mr. Miner is NR*'s literary editor.*

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WE CRACKED THE BARRY CASE FIRST

While the national media kept silent about the disgraceful performance of Washington, D.C. mayor Marion Barry—and while *The Washington Post* was still endorsing Barry for reelection—we were uncovering the Barry administration's incompetence and corruption—ahead not only of the *Post*, but of *The New Republic*, and local Washington magazines as well.

And that's not the first time we anticipated the news that would later make headlines . . .

➥ Years *before* the Challenger disaster, we warned that the space shuttle was unsafe, saying, "Here's the plan. Suppose one of the solid-fueled boosters fails. The plan is, you die."

➥ Months *before* the stock market crash in 1987, we warned that the programmed trading and low-margin stock options could turn a bad day into Black Monday.

➥ Months *before* the Iran-Contra scandal broke in newspapers, we warned readers, "This National Security Council staff is the worst in history."

➥ Three years before the downfall of House Speaker Jim Wright, *The Washington Monthly* warned its readers: "If Tip O'Neill seems like the sort of guy who would write out a taxpayer endorsed check to everyone who tried to sell him swampland in Florida, Jim Wright seems more like the guy selling the land."

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The Return of History

JOSEPH SOBRAN

JOHN LUKACS has written some of the most thought-provoking historical studies of the last generation. Only the simple-mindedly hostile find his books easy to summarize, as he has painfully learned. But those who aren't hostile often find him incomprehensible because he is unclassifiable: one major bibliography of recent works in historical philosophy failed even to list his magnum opus, *Historical Consciousness*.

Now 66, Lukacs has led a life with more than its share of wounds. Some of them are the result of having lived too close to the subject of his study, modern history. He saw his native Hungary suddenly ravaged by World War II, then was driven out by the Soviet takeover. Settling in America, he found himself not so much alone as aloof. Anti-Communist, he was unable to share the popular attitudes of the cold war, about which he wrote an offbeat history.

Confessions of an Original Sinner, by John Lukacs (Ticknor & Fields, 331 pp., $19.95)

Anti-anti-Communist, he was equally unable to share the cynicism of liberal intellectuals. If any label really suits him, it is anti-anti-anti-Communist.

In *Confessions of an Original Sinner* Lukacs chooses his own label: "reactionary." Not only the Left but even conservatives are too "progressive" to be plausible to him; Ronald Reagan's optimism sets his teeth on edge. He finds the American reputation for pragmatism false, as far as politics goes. Americans, in his view, think in terms of "ideologies and economics" and don't grasp "history and geography." They oppose Communism in the abstract, instead of understanding that "Communism," in the real world, is only Russian power.

An arguable position, and I find it harder to dispute than I would have done a year ago. This isn't a thesis Lukacs has adopted just lately. He was saying as much in the Fifties. He observes that the influence of the United States on Hungary has been profound (not that he's altogether happy about it), while decades of Russian domination have left no positive cultural trace. Culture is more powerful than power. The sudden collapse of Soviet power seems to prove him right: throughout the period of Soviet rule, we discover, American fashions and Western ideas in general have been putting down roots in the satellized countries.

Janet Hamlin

Lukacs is nothing if not assertive. He is not the first European to tell us how shallow Americans are, but as a college teacher he tells us with more authority than most, and more in sorrow than in anger. At times he sounds opinionated, and the reader who doesn't know his earlier work will be tempted to take his disappointment with us for irritation. But I think this would be unfair. Sometimes he does sound irritable; he isn't the most patient of men. Instead of explaining his assertions, he often gestures toward his earlier books, where they are more fully developed.

"This book is not a history of my life," he writes. "It is a history of some of my thoughts and beliefs. To some of these, American readers may be unaccustomed. Yet they are neither original nor individual. There is no such thing as an original idea, or even a wholly original thought." In his teens he called himself a socialist, before discovering that he was a reactionary at heart.

> A reactionary considers character but distrusts publicity; he is a patriot but not a nationalist; he favors conservation rather than conservatism; he defends the ancient blessings of the land and is dubious about the results of technology; he believes in history, not in Evolution.

Statements like these range from the tantalizing to the exasperating. But nobody can accuse Lukacs of being trite. Even his unsupported complaints are interesting. His observations can be sharp, as when he remarks that Americans have gone from being global innocents to being global experts, without maturing along the way. He laments "the devolution of liberal democracies into bureaucracies. In a democracy more and more people speak. In a bureaucratic society fewer and fewer people listen."

He once wrote: "Five hundred years ago the Modern Age began with the sudden increase of all kinds of communications, including printing. This age is now ending with a breakdown of communications, because of their inflation. There are public idiots who proclaim this flood of communications as the 'knowledge explosion.'" Now he amplifies this insight:

> What is still advancing is the technology—the mass and the speed—of communications. What we must understand is the difference between mechanical transmissions and authentic human communications; between the speed of communications and the slowness of the movement of ideas; between the availability of communications from a distance (i.e., *tele*communications) and the deteriorating receptivity of minds.

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Moments like that—and they come often enough—make the whole book rewarding, despite its quirks and grinding plaintiveness. And after all, he forewarns us that he's a reactionary.

What really keeps Lukacs reactionary is his Catholic piety, which puts him in tension with every social and intellectual environment. Though he is unflattering to America, it would miss the point to call him "anti-American." He is not. He outspokenly detests certain superficialities, as well as the overall superficiality, of the current American scene. I don't see how anyone who grasps his viewpoint can disagree much. With the end of the cold war, it's time for a critical introspection we may have felt we could hardly afford earlier, when this country was coming under so much glib and violent attack from its mass-produced malcontents.

Not that Lukacs spares himself. "My sins are unoriginal," he concludes. "I am like all the rest of mankind. It is because my sins are unoriginal that I am an original sinner." □

The Weinberger Defense

BRUCE FROHNEN

CASPAR Weinberger refers to *Fighting for Peace* as a "personal account" of his seven years as Ronald Reagan's secretary of defense. And, despite the book's organizational problems and its inclusion of numerous details of questionable relevance, Weinberger does draw some rather interesting personal portraits. Former National Security Advisor Robert McFarlane is portrayed as a man of very limited abilities attempting to gain reputation through inept Machiavellian manipulations of his President. Paul Nitze is portrayed as a bureaucrat more concerned with "getting a treaty" than with serving the interests of his country. And Ronald Reagan is portrayed as a bold and principled leader whose problems with staff disloyalty and bad press arose from his resolve to shape rather than follow public opinion.

Fighting for Peace: Seven Critical Years in the Pentagon, by Caspar W. Weinberger (Warner, 480 pp., $24.95)

But the focus of this book is the relationship between defense doctrine and practice in the Reagan Administration. The "revolutionary" Reagan defense doctrine was, of course, "peace through strength." And it was Reagan's insistence that this simple-sounding principle be put into practice which brought the U.S. within reach of victory in the cold war.

Reagan's leadership is often dismissed as mere "charisma." His intellect has never been judged favorably by his opponents—or by many of his allies, for that matter. Weinberger argues that Reagan's foreign-policy successes and his bad intellectual reputation both stem from the same source: his refusal to be limited by the fundamentally misguided "conventional wisdom" of the defense and foreign-policy establishment.

Those who have risen to prominence by never stepping out of line are not likely to be friendly toward, or impressed with, a truly original thinker. Thus some of Reagan's own advisors were often hostile to his programs. Reagan's arms negotiators (men like Nitze) sought to undermine his commitment to arms reduction because it made arms "control" negotiations unpleasant and difficult. And Reagan's SDI, based on the unconventional belief that it is better to destroy weapons than people, was greeted with disdain by many Reagan staffers (again, Paul Nitze in particular).

Yet, despite unconventional proposals, Reagan's defense doctrine was essentially one of containment. Those, such as Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who sought to carry out a roll-back of Communism (as called for years ago by James Burnham) in places like Cuba, were strenuously opposed by Weinberger and did not convince the President. Instead, Reagan took an extremely cautious approach to military engagement.

Attempting to derive lessons from America's experience in Vietnam, Weinberger in 1984 proposed a number of tests to be met before U.S. forces would be committed to combat. These tests would preclude military engagement unless vital American interests were at stake, clear objectives could be set and secured, and the support of the American people could be reasonably assured.

Not surprisingly, Weinberger argues that Reagan's only defense-related mistakes arose from a failure to apply these tests. Troops were sent to Lebanon to keep a non-existent peace, and, thanks to McFarlane's disinformation campaign, arms were sold to Iran. While Weinberger's analysis may be seen as self-serving, it seems clear that neither Lebanon nor Iran met the strenuous criteria of his tests.

For Weinberger, military engagement is properly a limited and reactive affair, intended to demonstrate American ability and resolve to respond to aggression. Even Qaddafi managed to draw armed responses only when he actually attacked American personnel. And these responses—the shooting down of two attacking Libyan fighters and the bombing of terror-related installations—were extremely limited.

The Libyan incidents might be seen as supporting the oft-heard claim that American resolve has a lifespan of about three days when it comes to military action. Weinberger argues that our fleet's protracted involvement in escorting Kuwaiti tankers through the Persian Gulf shows that this is untrue. One might, of course, point out that this "action" was too sparse and out-of-the-way to allow for "dramatic" press coverage.

The Persian Gulf operation also shows that Weinberger's view of American interests can, at times, be short-sighted. Certainly no one in his right mind would view Khomeini's Iran as anything but an abomination. But Weinberger recommended that America support Iraq in the Gulf War (we had other reasons for escorting Kuwaiti tankers). Supporting Iraq would have meant supporting Saddam Hussein, the mass murderer who broke a taboo even Hitler refused to break against the use of chemical weapons. And now, despite American support (fortunately quite limited), Hussein is threatening to destroy the Middle East.

The realities of world politics, and of

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Soviet power, may make it necessary to play one devil off against another. But it is first necessary to recognize that one is dealing with devils.

The U.S. may have to make short-term agreements with despicable tyrants—the Chinese leaders (whose butchery Weinberger oddly excuses as the result of an "understandable" fear of chaos) as well as Hussein. But the world would have been no worse off, and might have even been safer, had Iranian pressure continued until Hussein was tossed out of power.

In the end, questions of consistency must yield before the central question underlying both rollback and Reagan-era neocontainment: Do we have the resolve to protect ourselves, our allies, and our liberty? Often charged with failing to set priorities and so causing his budgets to be cut, Weinberger sought comprehensive budget increases for the same reason he supported caution in risking military engagement: despite his reference to our Persian Gulf patrols, he was convinced that American resolve is quite limited. Avoiding unpopular conflicts, Weinberger fought to get as much out of Congress as possible while defense expenditures remained relatively popular. And, given the current fantasy of "Gorbymania" and talk of a "peace dividend," Weinberger's strategy may not have been misguided.

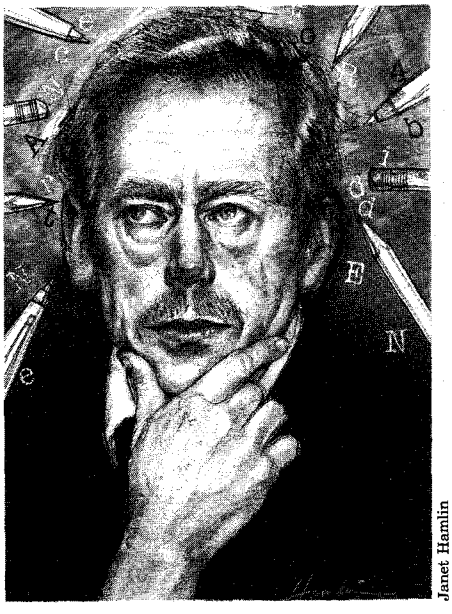
A moderate amount of American and Allied backbone was sufficient to bring us to the edge of victory in the cold war. But this was in large part owing to the inherent weaknesses of Communism. And, as recent "nonviolent" Soviet actions make clear, there remains truth in the "unconventional" notion that, as Weinberger puts it, "the fight for peace is never over. . . . If we want peace, we must be willing and able to fight for it." □

A Czech on Power

MARTIN WEISS

THOSE WHO don't like Václav Havel can point out that he is a follower of Patočka, who was a follower of Heidegger, who was a fascist. *The Nation*, on the other hand, hails Havel as a gender-and-race-conscious member of the Sixties counterculture. Either opinion could be held only by people who haven't read anything by him.

Living in Truth, by Václav Havel et al., edited by Jan Vladislav (Faber & Faber, 315 pp., $28.95)



Janet Hamlin

This book is a reprint of a 1986 collection of six essays by Havel, with contributions by other writers from Czechoslovakia and the West. It shows Havel as a spokesman for culture rather than counterculture, not nearly as radically antimodernistic as Heidegger, and heavily influenced by the Sixties—a time of relative cultural openness in Czechoslovakia, when Havel began to work in the theater and also visited America. But he would probably be appalled by affirmative action and racial quotas (this achievement is not well publicized in Czechoslovakia), and, as his essay "An Anatomy of Reticence" shows, his consciousness on feminism has yet to be raised.

One of the most striking things about these essays is how little his thinking has changed. What has changed, and for the better, is his style, initially jargon-ridden, later less abstract and more his own, though also harder to translate. Its strength lies in a gift for inserting into a quite formal literary texture the right colloquial word at the right time. These colloquialisms are there not to embellish but to bind the text firmly to the ground of everyday experience—a subtle quality which the official totalitarian literature invariably loses and to which no translation can do justice.

Although some of his writings from the past year contain vaguely religious overtones, the staples of his thinking remain consistent. Some of the ideas expressed in his 1990 New Year's Day speech were already present in the oldest text in this collection, from 1975. His basic convictions, when distilled, sound pretty apocalyptic. The arrogant man of the technological age replaced God with science and is paying the price: the world in which individual responsibility could be safely pinned down is mostly gone, leaving fertile ground for the growth of impersonal powers operating outside the realm of moral judgment. A Communist regime is only the most developed and visible of such powers, "power grounded in an omnipresent ideological fiction which can rationalize anything without ever having to brush against the truth."

Havel's allergy to ideological fictions and Utopias of all sorts is nowadays general among Central European intellectuals. In Havel's case, there has been some misunderstanding of his position because of his apparent friendliness to people like Western peace activists. In his personal dealings with them, he seems to fall captive to his own politeness—he is fascinated with the good intentions with which their road to hell is paved. In his writings, however, he regards them, as if against his will, as ideologues and opportunists. Such people, he writes, evoke in him "total disgust and a sense of limitless hopelessness."

It may be hard to believe that Czech readers consider Havel a sober analytical observer rather than a doomsday prophet. Havel himself provides some explanations. His prescriptions for solving the crisis of the modern world, which are admittedly "very general, very indefinite, and very unrealistic," are tempered by his experience of the failure of radical fervor and all final solutions. His pleas for respect for "the natural world," a Husserlian concept

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he expounds most fully in "Politics and Conscience," don't mean a return to the Middle Ages, but rather a desire for a world in which right and wrong matter.

Still, his essays are much more important for the understanding of life under the so-called post-totalitarian regimes than for what they say about the future. They paint a vivid picture of life in a system that expropriated not only property, but also language and human identity, a system which "drags all persons along with its 'objective' self-momentum . . . to a terrifying, unknown future." As the totalitarian power leaves less and less outside its control, very little can happen and time begins to collapse, as Havel describes in the 1975 essay mentioned above, and restates in "Stories and Totalitarianism" from 1987, probably his most angry essay, unfortunately not included in this collection. It bodes well for the human spirit and ill for the West that the younger generation in Czechoslovakia considered the depressed mid Eighties worse than the violent Fifties, while some Western visitors to the country had a hard time understanding what was so wrong there. Havel's essays, by virtue of merely describing this state of affairs, were historic acts.

His essays come off well amidst the mediocrity of most of the 16 contributions by the other authors. Timothy Garton Ash, one of the few Western observers of Central Europe whom Czechs can read without embarrassment, dares to utter the hard truth that Havel succeeds less in his vocation—playwriting—than in other tasks he didn't seek. But Ash's essay was already available elsewhere, as was Samuel Beckett's fine one-act play.

Among other Western contributions, Heinrich Böll's is notable for its nonsensical pomposity mixed with such occasional insights as: "He [Havel] loves plays, and, of course, the enjoyment associated with them." Arthur Miller in his essay tries to find out why he cares for Havel. "Maybe," he writes, "it's the immense investment so many of us have made in socialism"—leading us to wonder which is more sincere: his concern for Havel or his concern for the fate of socialism? Milan Kundera's contribution is as elegantly simplifying as ever, but certainly makes more sense than his more recent *New Republic* article on Havel, "A Life like a Work of Art." Milan Simečka's contribution is instructive. For all his hard-earned experience and reasoning, Simečka's "horizon," to use Havel's favorite word, still seems to end at the Kremlin's latest ideological line. His "sorrowful satisfaction" that the ideas of dissidents are now quoted, without credit, in *Pravda* is one thing Havel doesn't share, because he has never had such an ambition. Jan Vladislav, in his introduction, coins a motto for Havel: "Responsibility as destiny." The motto of some Czechoslovak dissidents still could be "Moscow as destiny." Ludvík Vaculík's piece stands out from the solemn atmosphere of the book and gives a whiff of the other, lighter side of the dissidents' life, about which Havel has written elsewhere.

If this book isn't the best introduction of Havel to Western readers, the reason may be paradoxical: Many of the essays were commissioned from abroad, and Havel wrote them with a view to foreign readers. He is much more at ease when he doesn't have to think of foreign reaction. The book which shows Havel at his best and convincingly explains why he enjoys such unique respect at home is neither this one (maybe just because he tries so hard to explain himself), nor *Letters to Olga* (whose style is mutilated by "the muse of censorship"), but his memoir-interview *Disturbing the Peace*, scheduled for publication in the U.S. in August. □

Beyond the Tar Door

MATTHEW SCULLY

PUBLICATION of this study of Simone Weil coincides with an acclaimed biography of her Sorbonne classmate of the late 1920s, the more celebrated Simone de Beauvoir. The latter book recounts every phase of what a reviewer calls "one of the great lives of the twentieth century." The political causes in which Miss de Beauvoir was so "brilliant," her ferocious authors' quarrels, her doomed romances, the "brilliant" pioneering work that made her the "founder of feminism"—in 718 pages, no facet of her "greatness" is neglected.

Utopian Pessimist: The Life and Thought of Simone Weil, by David McLellan (Poseidon, 316 pp., $22.95)

In David McLellan's lighter and yet more substantial *Utopian Pessimist* we find a very different image of the great life. Like Miss de Beauvoir and another schoolmate, Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone Weil in her college days was often rushing about with petitions or drafting impassioned pleas on behalf of one or another oppressed minority. She too was a brilliant student. She too declared herself committed to helping the oppressed. And, like Simone de Beauvoir, Simone Weil had every quality needed to become a modern ideological heroine, a subject of reverential biographies, maybe even, in old age, the honored guest at one of those quarrelsome PEN conferences at which the brilliant gather.

Every quality, that is, except the requisite pride, pretension, and raging ego. Passing up such hollow notoriety, we read in *Utopian Pessimist*, Simone Weil felt "that ever-present thirst for absolute goodness that finds no object in this world." A hard, often sorrowful pursuit, as the book's title suggests, it led her to reject first the Judaism of her parents, then the enlightened secularism of the Sorbonne, in favor of Christianity. More precisely, in favor of Christ; for even approaching death in 1943 she worshipped as a Catholic yet felt it somehow "necessary that I be alone, a stranger and an exile" from specific churches. Only after a little-noted death at age 34 were her prodigious and remarkably learned writings, mostly in private notebooks and letters, gathered up in such books as *Waiting on God* and *The Need for Roots*. As for her death itself, today we might call it a bad case of "co-dependency": so overwhelmed was she by the suffering and privation war had brought her country that, lying ill in a London sanitarium, she turned away all nourishment and, we're told, just drifted away.

Mr. Scully is NR*'s assistant literary editor.*

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The psychology of such a death certainly seems doubtful, bordering a bit too closely on suicide. It's not clear from the evidence whether this was her intent, though one gets the impression from the book that Miss Weil was not given to that sort of self-dramatization (another disqualifier from PEN membership: she had nothing of the moral ham in her). Her great gift was a love of truth—not in any abstract sense, or in the often trite sense of having "ideals," but in the sense of longing and self-denying desire. She is invariably described as "a mystic," though the word suggests a passivity that doesn't apply; she was simply lonely and restless without God, in the physical way we might feel waiting on a long-absent beloved. As a friend described her, she was that rare soul for whom, without the support of power or recognition or even romantic love, "the love of Christ seemed to be enough."

Rarer still, she hated anything false, counterfeit or self-serving. When errors had to be uncovered, her ethereal gentleness gave way to a prosecutorial ferocity. So, Mr. McLellan tells us, while her fellow intellectuals could be found lounging about the cafés denouncing—brilliantly, of course—the exploitation of the worker, Miss Weil

RANDOM NOTES

■ The story goes that Fulton Sheen, then the reigning ratings champ of network television, caught a taxi outside the old Adelphi Theater, where he'd just finished his 28-minute non-stop (with no notes or cue cards) broadcast of *Life Is Worth Living*. The cabbie recognized him, of course.

"Too bad you haven't written a book. I gotta drive this hack, and I don't get to see your show much."

Bishop Sheen replied that he'd written a number of books.

"Oh," the chagrined cabbie said. "Er . . . well, if I didn't already have *another* book, I'd buy yours."

From which story we might gather that in 1953 your average Catholic didn't read much. But if that were the case, we'd have trouble explaining why the Catholic print media were booming. Catholic books (from Catholic and secular publishers and book clubs), magazines, and newspapers thrived. These enterprises grew up gradually, but peaked in the early Sixties. (For instance, the circulation of Brooklyn's diocesan newspaper *The Tablet* grew from under 25,000 just after World War II to some 125,000 by 1965.) It has been conjectured that the war made the difference—immigrant peoples finally felt welcome in the new land, and, somehow in concert with invigorated patriotism, felt proud of and curious about the old faith. And curiosity is the air publishers breathe.

Then the boom went bust—just as it seemed unstoppable. Forty years ago, *The Cardinal*, by Henry Morton Robinson, was America's number-one bestseller. Two decades later, you couldn't give away a Catholic book, fiction or non-fiction. Why? May as well ask why church attendance and vocations fell off. It seems clear that diminished interest in things Catholic can be dated from either *Humanae Vitae* or Vatican II, depending on whether you're liberal or conservative; whether you think *aggiornamento* didn't go far enough or went too far. Certainly the Church had always been a conservative bastion, and from the Seventies onward Catholic publishing largely worked against the tradition. Since people do not generally cling to the inconstant, the plummeting sales of Catholic books comes as no surprise.

Enter Ignatius Press. Founded by Joseph Fessio, SJ, in 1978, Ignatius publishes such eminent (and theologically conservative) clerical authors as Hans Urs von Balthasar, Joseph Ratzinger (a former teacher of Fessio's), and Henri du Lubac, and converts (and writers of previous Protestant bestsellers) such as Thomas Howard, Peter Kreeft, and Sheldon Vanauken. Fr. Fessio named his company Ignatius after the founder of his order and in parallel to von Balthasar's Swiss firm. Von Balthasar's company was called Johannes Verlag, after John, the apostle of love. Fr. Fessio chose Ignatius, champion of obedience, partly in tribute to the Mariology of Adrienne von Speyr, whose work both houses have published. Marian consent is the synthesis of love and obedience. "No light falls upon [Mary]," von Balthasar wrote, "all falls upon God."

Ignatius bucked the "liberationist" trend in Catholic publishing and was rewarded: sales doubled in each of its first seven years, tripled in the next three, and then posted a modest 30 per cent gain last year. It is now among the largest Catholic book publishers in America (Paulist Press is biggest). Not bad for an enterprise its founder describes as "not a commercial venture," and despite what Fr. Fessio sees as a decline in Catholic intellectual life. (Given what Catholics have lately been offered to read, it's hard to tell the difference between a lack of literary hunger and intellectual starvation.) Fr. Fessio speaks plainly, and when I asked him why fewer serious books are read he simply said, "I don't know." But that hasn't stopped him from offering as many as forty new intellectually serious books each year.

Ignatius might publish and sell more books yet (top sellers have been *The Ratzinger Report* by Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger and Vittorio Messori, *Catholicism and Fundamentalism* by Karl Keating, and *AIDS Cover-up?* by Gene Antonio) if the mechanisms of book distribution were more democratic and efficient. But bookstores—at least the Waldenbooks and B. Dalton chains—make it tough for a small publisher to reach a specialized audience. (To be fair to booksellers, it must be said that they cannot carry everything.) Accordingly, Ignatius does a good portion of its business through the mail. (For more information write to Ignatius Press, 15 Oakland Avenue, Harrison, N.Y. 10528. Fr. Fessio's operation is based in San Francisco, but attentive readers will recognize the Harrison address as home to the Conservative Book Club.)

Among the most ambitious projects at Ignatius is the *Collected Works of G. K. Chesterton*, a series originally intended to encompass 37 volumes but now projected at at least 45. The 15th volume (which includes GKC's *What I Saw in America* and other travel writing) will be published shortly.

The Chesterton books, as is true of many Ignatius titles, are published without cover copy. "Around here," Fr. Fessio says, "books are sacred. We don't consider them billboards." New books for 1990 include *Campion*, an edition of the play by Christopher Buckley and James MacGuire, *Christian Resistance to Anti-Semitism* by Henri Cardinal de Lubac, and a new edition of Thomas Howard's remarkable *Christ the Tiger*. —Brad Miner

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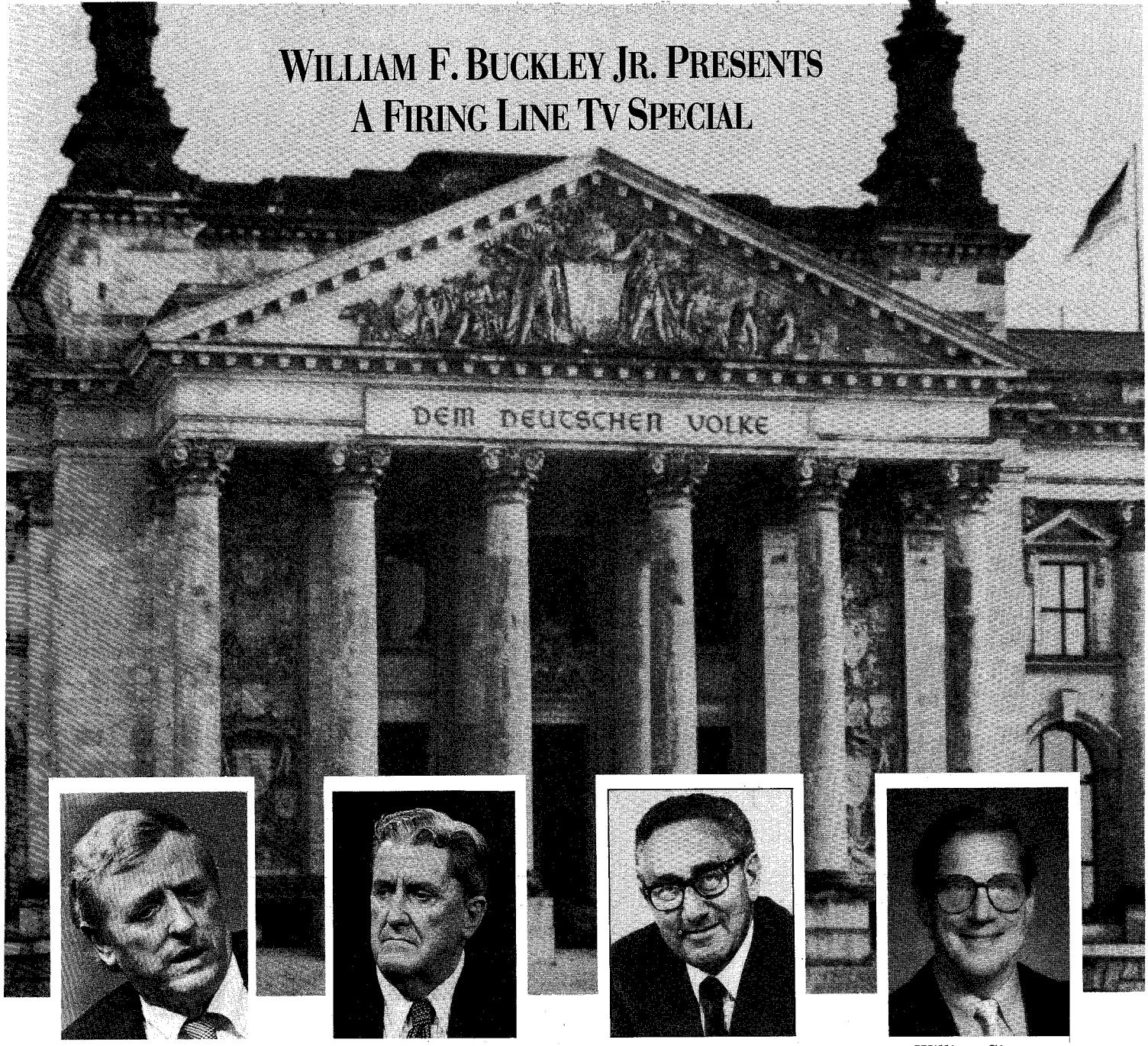
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. PRESENTS
A FIRING LINE TV SPECIAL



William F. Buckley Jr.

Vernon Walters

Henry Kissinger

William Simon

"A UNITED GERMANY: ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT?"

LIVE FROM THE REICHSTAG IN BERLIN

Michael Kinsley

Special guests include U.S. Ambassador to West Germany Vernon Walters, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, former Treasury Secretary William Simon, and representatives of the East and West German governments. Also participating will be British MP Roy Hattersley, chairman of the Federation of Socialist Parties of Europe, John Vinocur, executive editor of the *International Herald Tribune* in Paris, and Klaus Boelling, former advisor and spokesman for the Schmidt government in Germany. Prominent European journalists and FIRING LINE moderator Michael Kinsley will question the participants.

LIVE, 9:00-11.00 P.M. (EDT), Monday, June 25, on PBS
Produced and directed by Warren Steibel

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gave up a comfy teacher's post and became a factory hand, keeping a long journal on the experience. "Human beings are so made," she wrote, "that the ones who do the crushing feel nothing; it is the person crushed who feels what is happening." And yet for the afflicted to seek deliverance through politics, she concluded, was to embrace "the worship of force," and in the end to be crushed down to an even more abject servitude. The modern state "is a cold concern which cannot inspire love, but itself kills, suppresses everything that might be loved; so one is forced to love it, because there is nothing else." This truth, incidentally, she had discovered by 1932, when the totalitarian state was just realizing its full capacity to kill and, almost proportionately, to inspire the devotion of intellectuals.

One notes in passing that Mr. McLellan is described in other reviews as one of the world's foremost Marxist scholars. The 17 previous books he has written or edited are all devoted to Marx. Whether Mr. McLellan is personally devoted to Marx, one doesn't know, nor is it particularly relevant because he is clearly an honest man and admires Miss Weil's integrity. Doubtless his previous labors left him with a hunger for that quality.

A story in *Utopian Pessimist*, a fairy tale often told to Simone Weil in childhood, nicely sums up her character and philosophy:

> The heroine of the story is sent by her stepmother into the forest: she arrives at a house where she is asked whether she wishes to enter by the Golden Door or the Tar Door. She replies modestly: "The Tar Door is good enough for me," and is covered by a shower of gold. Her stepmother, seeing her bringing back the gold, sends her own daughter on the same quest. But she chooses the golden door and is covered with tar.

We must be careful about ascribing particular political opinions to someone like Simone Weil. Conservatives may enjoy a good chortle at how the occasional honest liberal lays bare the hypocrisies of those hopeless others, but Miss Weil's moral example cuts just as sharply the other way—if not more painfully so. For she was not only a more conscientious socialist than the Sartres and de Beauvoirs; she then became the most conscientious of Christians, one of those annoying creatures whose silent but busy moral example is forever reminding the rest of us of unattended duties.

Just how widely Miss Weil's silent rebuke is felt is best seen in the politically enlightened Christians reviewing Mr. McLellan's book, each struggling to put a more "optimistic" turn on her philosophy. To their credit, they're drawn by the illumination in her writings. Yet, like each of us in his own way, they pause sullenly at the Tar Door wondering why anyone would think that way "good enough" when, clearly, the political gold is to be found behind the other.

A prominent "pacifist Catholic" reviewer insists in the *Washington Post*, for instance, that Miss Weil was also a pacifist—which indeed she was until the Nazi onslaught brought a change of mind. Then there was the reviewer for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, a teacher at Georgetown University, who somehow laid aside *Utopian Pessimist* convinced that because Miss Weil was interested in both politics and religion, she must therefore have "anticipated contemporary liberation theology." In the *Los Angeles Times* one comes upon a self-described "poet and feminist Catholic"—words thick with tar—deeply troubled that the author "excused Weil from the feminist reading." No woman, it seems, may be "excused" from the feminist reading, not even when she calls to something beyond the dreary self-absorption that doctrine embodies. But to read anything by or about Simone Weil is to realize that not even a rigorous "feminist reading" of *The Diary of Anne Frank* could be a more pointless and spiritually shallow exercise.

Simone Weil was clearly not a "feminist Christian." Nor a "pacifist Christian." Nor a "socialist Christian." Nor, for that matter, a "conservative Christian." If anything, her lifelong thirst that found "no object in this world" reminds us how irrelevant such ideological modifiers are beside the noun they purport to modify. □

ART

Reveling in Irrationality

JAMES GARDNER

IN THEORY, you should not be reading this article at all. In theory, the periodical you hold in your hands, like all print, should have passed out of existence long ago, surrendering unconditionally to the visual image. That at least is the theory. And for those not given to nice distinctions, it is already the case.

Image World, the vertiginously trendy spectacle that has just left the Whitney Museum, is nothing less than an orgiastic celebration of the image's triumph over everything else in existence. According to one pundit quoted in the catalogue, "To an ever greater extent our experience is governed by pictures, pictures in newspapers and magazines, on television, and in the cinema. Next to these pictures firsthand experience begins to retreat, to seem more and more trivial. While it once seemed that pictures had the function of interpreting reality, it now seems that they have usurped it." As if this statement were too hedging and indefinite, one of the curators declares that "In the United States, images no longer are the representation of reality; they have become reality itself."

The curators, however, did not intend to mourn reason and the written word, but to bury them. As you entered the exhibit, heavy-metal music blared from several speakers, while fifty television monitors simultaneously flashed images of a tripudiating David Bowie, alternating with naked women and funkadelic blasts of pure color. Nearby was the Composite Machine, an elaborate contraption in which you sat and saw your face projected onto a screen. You were then presented with a choice of celebrities whose faces, through a computerized delusion of grandeur, could be conflated with your own, until you and they became indistinguishable.

What was going on here? And what, if anything, did this have to do with art? Image World was, we are prepared to concede, the definitive exposition of a kind of art that has won a considerable following, an art concerned neither with the creation of

Mr. Gardner writes frequently about art for NR *and* Commentary.

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THE ACLU HAS DECLARED WAR ON CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA!

As anyone who has followed the activities of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) would know, its initials could just as well stand for Anti-Christian Litigation Union.

In the hands of ACLU lawyers, the first Amendment has been transformed from a *shield* against government control of religion into a *sword* for the eradication of any sign of religion in the public life of our nation — including even the simple acknowledgement that God exists!

Where Christianity is concerned, the ACLU's mission is simple: search and destroy! ACLU religion-police patrol the nation, demanding the removal of any Christian symbols or expressions they detect in our halls of government, our schools, our municipal buildings, even our parks and town squares. Their anti-Christian fanaticism is so absurd it was lampooned in an article by the journalist Charles Krauthammer: "On Manger Patrol with the ACLU".

Here are just a few examples of how far the ACLU is willing to go in its relentless campaign to banish Christianity from our public life:

The ACLU sued the fire department of Cos Cob, Connecticut for the intolerable offense of hanging a crucifix on the fire station, and Arizona State University **for replacing a fallen crucifix on its chapel!**

The ACLU stopped teachers in Cold Spring, Minnesota from opening their meetings with a prayer. **Yet the United States Congress opens its sessions with invocations by a chaplain on the federal payroll!** (The ACLU is smart enough not to pick on Congress - yet.)

In California, ACLU actually contended that **"Teaching monogamous, heterosexual intercourse within marriage ... is an unconstitutional establishment of religious doctrine in public schools (which) violates the First Amendment."** They're serious!

The ACLU argued that Congressman Henry Hyde's efforts to end taxpayer funding for abortion were unconstitutional **because he is a devout Catholic who had been observed entering church by an ACLU operative hired to follow him!**

ACLU lawyers filed a complaint with the Washington Human Rights Commission demanding that Moon & Moon Realty of Centralia, Washington be prohibited from using a fish on their letterhead and in their advertising, because the fish is an ancient Christian symbol which is a "signal" to other Christians that could cause discrimination against non-Christians.

But these are only minor skirmishes in the overall campaign. **The ACLU has already won the two biggest battles in its war against Christianity in America: the entrenchment of evolutionism in our schools, and the legalization of convenience abortion in all fifty states:**

In the famous *Scopes* case in 1925, ACLU lawyers *advertised* for a teacher to serve as a prop in their effort to foist the teaching of evolution on the school children of Tennessee. The ACLU's position then was that it wished only to secure equal time for the teaching of evolution as an alternative theory of human origins. Today of course ACLU lawyers oppose equal time for the teaching of creation science, and evolutionism enjoys an ACLU-protected monopoly in public school systems throughout the nation.

In the infamous *Roe vs. Wade*, the ACLU engineered a bogus abortion controversy in order to get the abortion question before an all-too-willing Supreme Court. The result was Justice Blackmun's pseudo-judicial "opinion" legalizing the mass destruction of humans in their mothers' wombs — 25 million innocent babies slaughtered to date, and counting.

Why is the ACLU Winning the War?

"From The Housetops"
ST. THOMAS MORE
What would he do about the ACLU?

First, the ACLU has ***clout:*** It's a national organization with chapters in every state and many major cities. It boasts that it is "the largest private law firm in America," and that it appears before the Supreme Court more often than anyone except the Solicitor General of the United States. In many cases athreatening letter from the ACLU is all that is needed to exact compliance with its demands.

Second, the ACLU has ***purpose***: a coordinated national policy on every issue, with each policy serving its ultimate policy goal of an utterly secular America with an utterly positivisitic legal system in which mere rules, rather than God-centered concepts of natural law and natural right will govern our lives.

WANTED: A FEW GOOD CATHOLIC LAWYERS! ENTER:

The American Catholic Lawyers Association

In order to stop the onslaught of the ACLU, we need an organization with the kind of clout and purpose the ACLU has, but with an agenda that is the antithesis of the ACLU's:

- **An end to the legalized slaughter of pre-born humans**
- **Restoration of the religious tradition in our public life.**
- **Inculcation of Christian ethics, including the Ten Commandments,** in school children in accordance with the wishes of each community.
- **A breakup of the evolutionist monopoly in the public schools.**

With your help, we believe the American Catholic Lawyers Association (ACLA) can become that organization!

The **ACLA** was conceived in the hope that it will become the tireless hound of the ACLU and its allies; a *national* organization that can counteract the ACLU — pleading for pleading, brief for brief, lawyer for lawyer — wherever and whenever it's needed.

These are only some of the areas in which the **ACLA**, with your help, will engage itself in defense of the Faith:

Establishing a Catholic anti-defamation league. It's high time Catholics had an organization to resist the onslaught against the Faith in the liberal media, which in recent years have indulged in an orgy of anti-Catholic bigotry to which there has been no effective reply. The **ACLA** will provide that reply!

The coordinated nationwide defense of pro-life activists who have been jailed for protesting the slaughter of unborn children, or harassed with "RICO" suits charging them with interstate racketeering because their protests interfere with the abortion business.

Providing representation in ecclesiastical courts for orthodox priests and religious who have suffered harassment or loss of position because of their orthodox views.

Filing civil rights claims and suits for public or private employees harassed or discriminated against because of orthodox religious views or pro-life activities.

Challenging the evolutionist hegemony in our public schools in an appropriate test case.

Assisting localities in their defense of suits brought by the ACLU.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

First and foremost we need legal talent: at least two deeply committed lawyers in each state, willing to work *pro bono* in those cases where payment or award of attorney's fees is not possible.

Second, we need support staff: paralegals and secretaries in each state willing to donate their time to the voluminous document preparation needed to wage judicial warfare on the scale it is now being waged by the ACLU.

Third, we need your financial support. Office space and equipment, staffing, telephones, computers, and access to computerized legal data bases all require substantial sums of money. (Funds are also needed immediately to defray the cost of this and other ads.) *Without support from its members in the form of dues and contributions — the same kind of support the ACLU receives from its members — the* **ACLA will never move from concept to reality.**

YOUR RESPONSE IS VITAL!

*Your response to this ad will determine whether the **ACLA** becomes a force to be reckoned with in the battle for the Faith, or just another call to arms that falls on deaf ears; whether Catholics will fight back as one, or just continue to take it!*

Will You Join Us? **ACLA Needs Your Support!!** 331

Yes! I'm interested in learning more about the **American Catholic Lawyers Association.** Please send me more information.

I am a: ☐ LAWYER ☐ PARALEGAL ☐ SECRETARY ☐ CONCERNED CATHOLIC

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tel: Home (____) _____ Office (____) _____

Fax#: (____) _____

Enclosed is my donation of: ☐ $250.00 ☐ $150.00 ☐ $100.00 ☐ $ 75.00 ☐ $ 50.00 ☐ Other _____

Please note that the ACLA does not yet have federally tax-exempt status and your donation is, therefore, not tax deductible at this time.

☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Mail To: **American Catholic Lawyers Association**
Att.: Christopher A. Ferrara, Esq. • c/o Keep the Faith, Inc. • 810 Belmont Ave., North Haledon, NJ 07508

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beauty, nor with the illustration of enduring values. Instead, this Duchampian anti-art tries to turn the "strategies" of ordinary artistic practice, and of advertising, against themselves, either in the interest of promoting the Revolution, or more likely just for the Dadaist fun of it. The idea is that we are all manipulated and twisted by television and photography, to such an extent that true freedom of thought is out of the question. In the service of this attitude, a blinding battery of images induces an almost intolerable sensory overload: the *Challenger* disaster merges with mushroom clouds, and dead Kennedys alternate with Wonder Woman, Times Square, Ronald Reagan, and an owl.

The artists' personal touch is almost always absent. The patriarchs of Pop seem positively reactionary in their rich application of pigment to canvas. Most of the artists here are much younger and prefer their works to be glacially slick. Their chosen media are collage and doctored photography, passages of print against a white background, and disembodied concepts. Two photographs by Sherrie Levine feature the silhouettes of Washington and of Lincoln, within which are images of glamorous *Vogue*-style models. Over an image of a nuclear mushroom cloud, Barbara Kruger places the caption, "Your manias become science." And the egregious Jeff Koons, who had heroically overcome every hurdle that lack of talent has thrown in his path, displays his now famous ceramic sculpture of Michael Jackson and a chimpanzee.

Is any of this any good? Yes and no. As art, it is so irrelevant that any discussion of it in the terms of traditional sculpture and painting is out of the question. The correct context in which to view these works is not that of art but of advertising. If you can objectively admire a political ad for someone whom you would never dream of voting for, you can see that these savvy, slick, and often unscrupulous artifacts do pack a punch. That is not what we ask or should ask of art, but it is all we have the right to ask of advertising. These artifacts, in their collectivity, are often called Anti-Art. More correctly, they are Anti-Ads. Though they enlist every tactic and technique known to Madison Avenue, they intend not to seduce but to repel.

According to the curators and the artists, Image World was meant to make us question the tyranny of television and the other mass media. In fact it intended no such thing. At best it hoped to substitute one pseudodoxy for another of which it is the point-for-point opposite. Image World revels in its irrationality, and invites viewers to endorse its dissent unquestioningly. Unfortunately, its thesis is flawed from the start. The mass media, although grotesquely powerful in molding public opinion, are incapable of bringing about the monolithic conformity that these artists attribute to their influence. Though the artists would not acknowledge it as such, their specific pseudodoxy smacks of the very elitism which, in a slightly different discussion, they would universally condemn. They are pleased to suppose that they alone can see through the "strategies" of the mass media.

Nothing could be more deluded. Intellectuals have a vested, professional interest in supposing that everyone but them is irredeemably infected by error. But human beings are far more intelligent than is commonly supposed. For two generations, the peoples of Eastern Europe had been indoctrinated from earliest youth with those treacherous pseudodoxies that now seem to be vanishing forever. If man were indeed an *animal credens* rather than an *animal dubitans*, the great changes we have recently witnessed could never have taken place.

It has lately been the "intellectuals" whose will to believe, and whose conformity in belief, would bring joy to the heart of any Kulchur Commissar. And of all the provinces of Kulchur, it is the art world that exacts from its fully fledged members, be they artists or critics, dealers or collectors, a degree of obedience terrifying to contemplate. In the name of free inquiry, these unquiet souls will unquestioningly believe whatever they are told to believe. And all they will ask in return is that they be allowed to think that it was their idea all along.

The present pseudodoxy, which might be called the "Mass Media Conspiracy Theory," will pass. Reason is powerless against it, since it was not reason that won it adherents in the first place. Rather it was fashion that brought it to prominence, and fashion that will soon toss it aside. And then all the myrmidons of the present dispensation will seem to awaken, and they will look upon what they have so recently believed, and they will know it no more. But the toppling of the false god fills us with no joy. For there remains that troubling question: What will take its place? What rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward SoHo to be born? □

THEATER

Throttlebottom's Legacy

JOHN ROBERTS

THOUGH THE Vice President of the United States is just a heartbeat away from the world's most powerful office, most Vice Presidents have been chosen to balance a ticket rather than for their statesmanlike qualities. Because of this, and the veil of anonymity that seems automatically to envelop them once they are elected, Vice Presidents have made an easy target for humorists since the founding of the Republic. Just play a quick round of TV roulette some night, and chances are you will find a comedian upholding the tradition.

Veteran political observers remember when all of the folly associated with the Vice Presidency could be summed up in one word: Throttlebottom. To be reminiscent of the hapless Vice President Alexander Throttlebottom spelled political ruin. Every Vice President from John Nance Garner to at least Lyndon Johnson went into the office vowing: "I will not be a Throttlebottom."

But don't look for Throttlebottom in a history book, because the only White House he ever got lost wandering through was on the stage of Broadway's Music Box Theater. As the creation of the legendary playwrights George S. Kaufman and Morrie Rys-

Mr. Roberts collaborated with the late Morrie Ryskind on Mr. Ryskind's autobiography, which will be published in 1991.

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kind, Throttlebottom floundered his way into America's hearts in the 1931 smash hit *Of Thee I Sing*.

A large measure of the play's success was due, of course, to the high-voltage musical score by George and Ira Gershwin; "Wintergreen for President," "Love Is Sweeping the Country," "Who Cares?" and the rollicking title song, "Of Thee I Sing, Baby," were among the show's memorable songs. It was the biggest commercial hit of the Gershwins' careers, and their personal favorite as well.

With the musical interludes taken care of by William Gaxton as President Wintergreen and the dance numbers by a young hoofer named George Murphy, the comedic weight of the show fell on the sloping shoulders of the rubbery-faced, whiny-voiced Victor Moore as Throttlebottom. It was an historic matching of actor and character. Through the ridiculous Throttlebottom, Kaufman and Ryskind were able to tickle one of America's most exposed nerves.

The evolution and aftermath of *Of Thee I Sing* were as unconventional as the show itself. After having given the Marx Brothers their first two Broadway successes, with *Coconuts* and *Animal Crackers*, Kaufman and Ryskind decided to follow their pacifist leanings with the brilliant satire on war, *Strike Up the Band*. That show too was a hit—the more remarkable since it premiered less than two months after the 1929 stock-market crash. Jittery about how audiences might react to such a biting satire in troubled times, the producer of *Strike Up the Band* ordered Kaufman and Ryskind to soften the show's sharper edges.

Stung by the censorship, Kaufman and Ryskind vowed that their next project would be free of interference, even if this meant financing it themselves. Thus inspired, they spent the next two years formulating an outline, before knocking out the script in a 17-day marathon session. With full casting approval and with Kaufman directing, *Of Thee I Sing* sprang to life with a vitality that made it the first musical comedy to receive a Pulitzer Prize.

For Ryskind, receiving the Pulitzer was a uniquely satisfying experience. As a radical student at Columbia (Class of '17) he had been opposed to America's entry into World War I. When Nicholas Murray Butler, the university's president, switched from isolationist to jingoist following the declaration of war, Ryskind saw the move as an abandonment of principle in favor of political expediency. (Butler sought the 1920 Republican presidential nomination.) Taking advantage of his position as editor of the *Columbia Jester*, Ryskind satirized Butler in a poetic editorial titled "The Little Red School on the Hill."

The fine wit reflected in the editorial, especially the part describing "Czar Nicholas of Columbia," eluded Butler, however, and its author was

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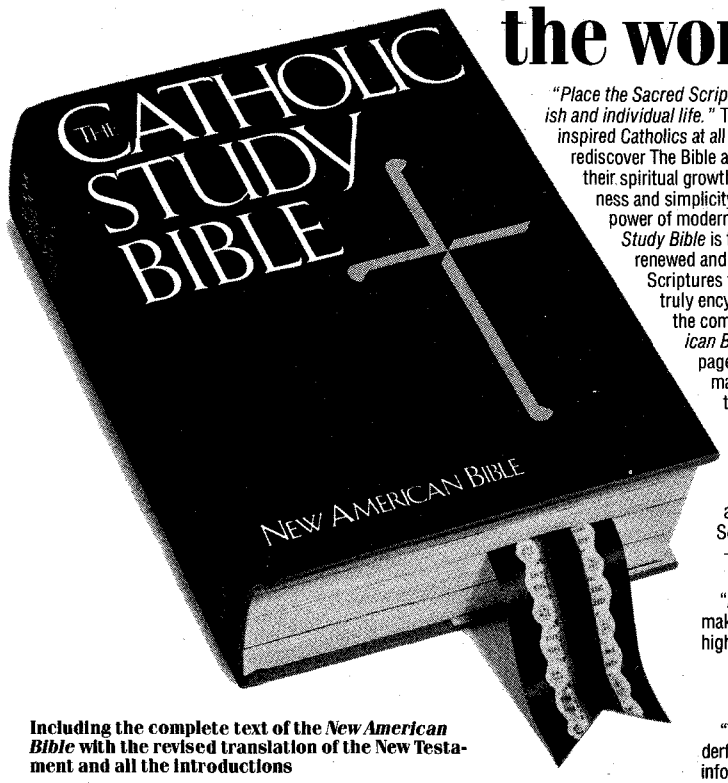

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promptly expelled just six weeks before graduation. Thus it was a particularly nectareous occasion when, with the world press there to record the event, Ryskind went to collect his Pulitzer from the man who then served as ceremonial head of the Pulitzer Committee—the President of Columbia, his old friend Nicholas Murray Butler.

The authors of *Of Thee I Sing* were extremely protective of their creation, so much so, as it turned out, that they never sold it to Hollywood. This was especially unusual for Kaufman, who had no qualms about selling several of his other hits to the movies, including *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. *Of Thee I Sing*, however, was the one creation in his amazing 44-play career which he would not entrust to Hollywood. It could only (with his collaborators concurring) be made into a movie if the Kaufman–Ryskind–Gershwin team were given complete artistic control. Hollywood certainly wanted *Of Thee I Sing*, but the studios balked at surrendering autonomy. The bidding war for the play escalated to $1 million (the rights to *Gone with the Wind* went for $50,000 that same year). But in the end, fearing they would lose control, the authors refused to sell, and *Of Thee I Sing* remained strictly a part of Broadway folklore.

While the creators of *Of Thee I Sing* remained united in the determination to protect their politically infused show, divergent political beliefs later led Ryskind to go it alone when he wrote his 1940 spoof of Southern politics, *Louisiana Purchase*. For Kaufman and Ira Gershwin (George Gershwin's untimely death had occurred in 1937), youthful radicalism had mellowed into middle-aged, FDR liberalism. For Morrie Ryskind, however, FDR's 1940 decision to abrogate the Washington–Jefferson two-term tradi-

RIGHT BOOKS

■ At a recent Manhattan Institute luncheon, Thomas Sowell, a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, spoke about his new book, *Preferential Policies: An International Perspective* (William Morrow, 192 pp., $17.95). According to Professor Sowell, the ultimate goal of preferential policies around the world—including affirmative action in the United States—is to see all groups in a society represented within all institutions and professions more or less as in their proportion in the population at large. Indeed, such a statistical approach is required to demonstrate "patterns of discrimination," the precursor of set-asides, preferences, quotas, and the like. If we can just give *temporary* preference to lagging group A, the rationale holds, it will start to join, at appropriate levels, Profession Z, from which history had excluded it. To explain the absurdity of the statisticians, Professor Sowell mentioned a study in which the author—determined to explain away innate difference—observed how lucky Jews were to have immigrated to America just as the needle trades began to flourish. "It's like saying," Professor Sowell mused, " 'How lucky of Henry Aaron to have come up to bat just as all those home runs were about to be hit.' "

Around the world, governments have felt compelled, sometimes by social injustice, sometimes by political self-interest, to institute special programs to give preference—in hiring, in education, in welfare—to particular groups. In America, India, Malaysia, Nigeria, and Sri Lanka, Professor Sowell found that such policies (a/k/a "compensatory preferences," "reverse discrimination") had similar unfortunate and unintended consequences. Once established, affirmative action tends to expand, and specific mandates and time limits tend to evaporate. Such policies usually end up most benefiting the most fortunate within the preferred group; they lead to polarization, even to violence, occasionally deadly violence; they encourage people not actually qualified to claim membership in the preferred group; and, finally, only the rationale of preferential policies is understood and discussed, never the actual results.

Preferential policies flourish because of four illusions: the illusions of control and knowledge, and of morality and compensation; in other words, the usual illusions of social planners. "To pretend," Professor Sowell writes, "to disentangle the innumerable sources of intergroup differences is an exercise in hubris rather than morality." And compensations given without incentives do nothing to help the disadvantaged.

Preferential policies have been extended in one way or another to two-thirds of all Americans, in most cases because of political expediency. The situation is most absurd with regard to the feminist demand for "equal pay." It is true that married women do not earn as much as other groups—male or female—but Professor Sowell points out that "women who remained single into their thirties earned more than 100 per cent of the income of single men—even *before* preferential policies for women." The most visible, aggressive affirmative action has been employed to put more black students into college, and the book's best chapter ("Minority Preferences in Majority Economies") demonstrates the devastating unintended effect it has had upon them. The "wonderfully diverse" student body at the University of California at Berkeley "closely reflects" the ethnic distribution in California's high schools. Fine and dandy, but 70 per cent of Berkeley's black students—almost all of whom entered under affirmative action—fail to graduate. Why? Because even with all sorts of "innovative educational programs," Berkeley's still a tough school. The black students entering had SAT scores (952 combined) higher than the national average, and they might easily have mastered the programs at other schools, but their scores were more than two hundred points lower than Berkeley's average. The spiral downward continues: Schools with lower scores and standards lose the best black students to Berkeley, and must pick from a pool with, yes, SATs at below *their* normal levels, and so on. Black students find themselves inexorably pushed into failure, level by level, by a system designed to help them succeed.

But the bureaucrats and politicians are happy. They've achieved statistical Utopia. One must hope they will read *Preferential Policies*, and be disabused of illusion. However, Professor Sowell is pessimistic. After all, affirmative action is a quick fix for the politicians, and money in the bank for racial activists and bureaucrats. Alternative approaches to problems can come only when a change of heart happens in a preferred group. "Determining in this way what *should* be done is not an excercise in Utopianism," Professor Sowell concludes, "for once there is a consensus on what needs to be done, that in itself changes what is politically feasible."

—Brad Miner

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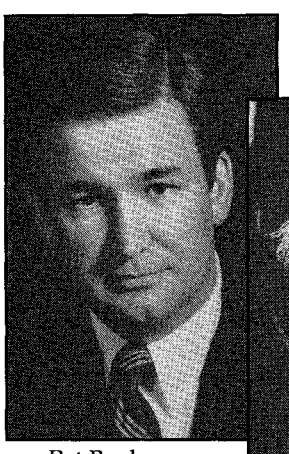

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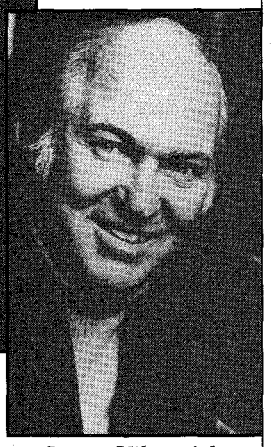

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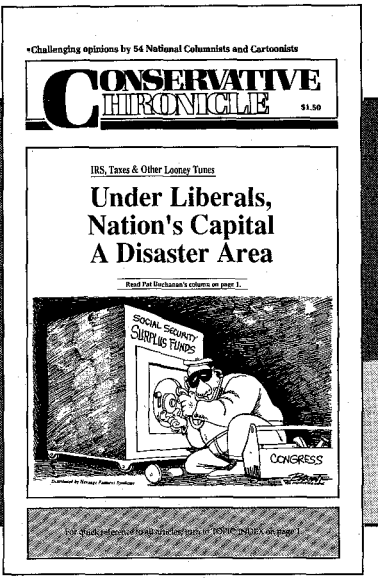
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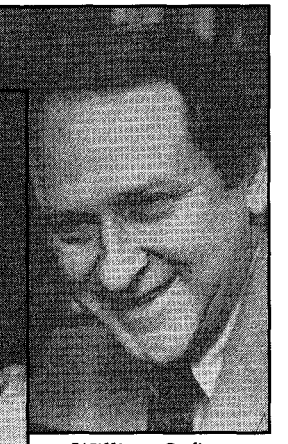

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tion marked the end of civilization as he knew it, and in reaction he registered as a Republican and threw himself into the Wendell Willkie campaign. (From this commitment began the evolution to conservatism that made him well known to NATIONAL REVIEW's first generation of readers.)

Although Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin did very little socializing in their later years, *Of Thee I Sing* periodically reunited them. There were two Broadway revivals, and through the hundreds of productions around the country, Throttlebottom and his cohorts continue to make merry with White House politics to this day.

In a sentimental, albeit comic, eleventh-hour development that was highly unusual for the acerbic Kaufman, Throttlebottom was able to redeem himself and squelch his critics. Whether his current successor will do likewise remains to be seen. □

DELECTATIONS

Upstairs, Downstairs

NIKA HAZELTON

UNCLE MARIO (actually a distant relative of my mother's, but I called him uncle *faute de mieux*), with whom I frequently stayed as a child when my parents were traveling, was fond of quoting the Emperor Tiberius to the effect that by the time a man reached the age of 35, he should be able to dispense with doctors. Whenever Uncle Mario quoted this dictum, we knew he was about to embark on his favorite subject: eating. Indeed, eating was to him perhaps the most important of his main occupations, which also included looking after his vineyards and olive groves, and managing the affairs of Monte Porzio (a village some 15 miles from Rome), of which he was the mayor.

He always started his discourse on eating with the importance of honoring the traditional practice of Italian meals, the strict distinction between *primi piatti* and *secondi piatti*. The first course would typically be pasta or rice—in any case, something substantial to fill the stomach. The second course would be a small portion of meat or fish, with appropriate accompaniments. In Uncle Mario's household, the *primo* might be a timbale of rice, or a dish of Roman spinach braised with oil and garlic. The *secondo* might be a *fettina* of veal (which was expensive, so the pieces were small and thin) with peas, or a whole fish with mayonnaise and a simple green salad. Dessert was invariably a piece of fresh fruit. We did not go in for sweets after meals, although the children were allowed to stuff themselves on candy. And there was coffee, of course, but served at the table—unusual for Italy in those days, when well-to-do people had drawing rooms to relax in.

For his evening meal, Uncle Mario would swallow a few spoonsful of soup and eat an egg (lightly boiled) or some leftovers from lunch. But, conscious of his health, he ate very little.

One of his habits was to seize any dish not cooked to his satisfaction and simply fling it into the garden. This was easy for him to do, since he sat at the head of the table with his back to one of the garden windows, and it happened quite frequently during periods when there had been changes in the staff. The maids would then have to pick up the debris and restore the flower beds and garden path to a state of seemliness.

Uncle Mario's life centered on the kitchen—to the sorrow of those who worked there. He would drop in every so often to check if order and cleanliness were maintained, and since it was almost impossible to live up to his standards he would frequently lose his

temper with one or another of the three maids. The victim of his wrath would wait silently until he was finished. What else could she do? After all, it was the *signor padrone* who was

Mrs. Hazelton is an NR *contributing editor and author of* Ups and Downs: Memoirs of Another Time *(Harper & Row).*

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Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover is a true horror, a film whose detestableness is heralded by its ponderous title. I have always considered the interior decorator one of the more sinister influences on modern life, particularly when, like director Peter Greenaway, he sets himself up as a social-metaphysical moviemaker.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

The Handmaid's Tale is inept and annoying. I have scant use for author Margaret Atwood, screenwriter Harold Pinter, or director Volker Schlöndorff, and Natasha Richardson is miscast as a joyless sperm receptacle.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

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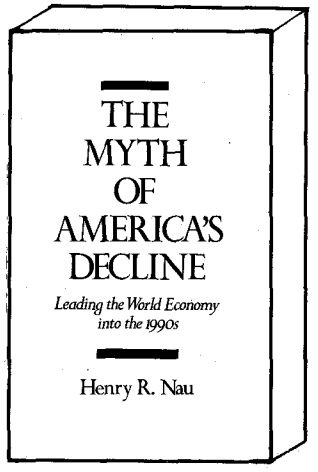

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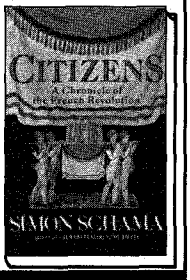

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mad. The maids came from poor homes, and were so glad to have jobs and, for once in their lives, enough to eat that they did not dare talk back—even when his complaint was unjust. I thought it terribly unfair.

At some point, Uncle Mario, as mayor, began to conduct village business in his beloved kitchen. Over a glass of wine, he and his visitors would talk and talk. Nobody was against this; it added to the general interest and kept Uncle Mario out of the pots and pans. But one day Uncle Mario decided to make the kitchen his workroom altogether. Knowing his wife, Aunt Giulia, he felt it best to present the household with a fait accompli, and so he hired two strong lads from the village to carry his massive rolltop desk down from upstairs. As the two lads were trying to figure out how to squeeze the monstrosity through the door, with Mario hurrying them up, my aunt and I, along with the maids and two elderly female relatives, came home from Mass.

Aunt Giulia, usually a quiet and patient soul, made a quick, decisive counterattack. "Come, children," she said, pulling herself up majestically so that the diamond pendant on her ample bosom sparkled, "we are going to Rome. We do not want to disturb Sor Mario in his new study." She led the way, and we followed her, to the great interest of the locals coming home from Mass. They did not know what had happened, but *la signora* with all her females was a sight not to be missed.

Thus we arrived at the trolley station. Goggling with ill-concealed curiosity, the man in attendance sold Aunt Giulia the tickets she needed for herself and her retinue. The incoming trolley was well in sight when Sor Mario arrived, running and shouting: "It is upstairs and stays there, I swear it!"

Confusion reigned. Nobody but us knew what the matter was. Uncle Mario repeated over and over again: "It is upstairs and stays there." To see my usually sedate uncle huffing and puffing created quite a sensation among the people assembled at the station, lured by the unusual goings-on. But Aunt Giulia rose to the occasion once more. She slowly and deliberately tore up her ticket, telling us to do the same, and said finally: "Come, girls, let us go home." And again we followed her in silence, while the locals looked disappointed.

With a gracious gesture, such as becomes a victor, Aunt Giulia soothed her husband's feelings with his favorite dinner, the *primo piatto* a macaroni timbale; the *secondo*, lightly sauteed veal scaloppini, with peas cooked with prosciutto; followed by a slice of fresh pineapple with cream, which had been ordered from Rome. □

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Miscellaneous

SURVIVAL TOMORROW, the journal of self-reliant living, $5 for sample issue, P. O. Box 256, Merlin, Ore. 97532.

UNDERSTANDING DEFENSE. The monthly newsletter for U.S. strategic superiority. Subscribe now. $25 per year. 1633 Best Lane, Eugene, Ore. 97401.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 O	2 B	3 S		4 M	5 F	6 H	7 U	8 A	9 D	10 L	11 N	12 E	13 Q		14 K	15 C	16 N	17 O	18 B	19 M
20 R	21 F	22 A	23 S		24 E	25 O	26 H		27 Q	28 T	29 L	30 U	31 I	32 B	33 J	34 A	35 C	36 F	37 S	
38 U	39 D	40 T	41 L	42 O	43 Q	44 K	45 B	46 J		47 C	48 E	49 P		50 A	51 I	52 M	53 O	54 D	55 T	56 J
57 F	58 H		59 Q	60 G	61 L	62 A		63 E	64 U	65 P	66 S	67 C		68 T	69 M	70 H	71 D	72 Q	73 J	
74 O	75 R	76 L	77 A	78 H	79 S		80 E	81 T		82 Q	83 U	84 R	85 S	86 F	87 N	88 G	89 M		90 B	91 S
	92 O	93 D	94 J	95 I		96 F	97 L	98 K		99 O	100U	101E	102P		103J	104T		105O	106S	
107H	108C	109K		110T	111Q	112A		113G	114K		115H	116S	117E	118C	119P	120J		121F	122D	123Q
124O		125G	126A	127K	128C		129B	130R	131D	132M		133C	134Q	135O	136G	137B	138P		139H	140R
	141F	142L		143I	144C	145J	146A	147U	148K	149E	150B	151L	152G		153S	154O	155D	156M	157R	158C
159P		160O	161S		162M	163F	164D	165T	166E	167A	168Q	169I	170H		171N	172S	173K	174U		

DEFINITIONS

A. Morris-dance performer — 126 146 50 112 62 167 77 22 34 8

B. Where Gulliver was tied down — 137 150 32 2 90 18 45 129

C. Original home of a British guardian — 128 47 158 118 108 15 35 133 144 67

D. "Revenue enhancement" is one — 131 39 122 93 71 155 54 9 164

E. Owlish — 63 80 149 166 12 117 48 24 101

F. Location of golf's 19th hole — 96 36 121 141 86 163 5 57 21

G. Feudal rank — 136 88 113 152 60 125

H. Producing a change — 58 115 70 26 6 107 139 78 170

I. Welfare target — 169 51 31 143 95

J. Unfair (hyph.) — 56 145 94 46 103 120 33 73

K. Tommyrot — 148 44 14 114 127 98 173 109

L. Yes man's opposite number — 151 97 142 10 29 76 61 41

M. Visual aid — 156 132 69 89 52 19 4 162

N. Chaucer's came from Bath — 16 87 11 171

O. Part of Dixie (2 words) — 17 154 42 92 99 135 1 25 160 53 105 124 74

P. Irked — 102 138 159 65 119 49

Q. Apportionment — 82 13 43 111 27 134 59 168 123 72

R. Monty is one — 20 84 140 130 157 75

S. With great ease — 79 91 106 116 161 85 172 66 153 23 3 37

T. Turned away — 81 28 110 165 55 104 40 68

U. Succession — 30 174 38 147 100 83 7 64

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 59 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Disarmament For What?

NEW YORK, MAY 25

Secretary of State James Baker is roiled by criticisms of the deal he has made with the Soviet Union, and chooses to cope with them in language identical to that used by every negotiator on arms control since the enterprise began. "It would appear to me at least that most of the criticism is coming from those who in the past . . . have simply rejected the concept of arms control generally."

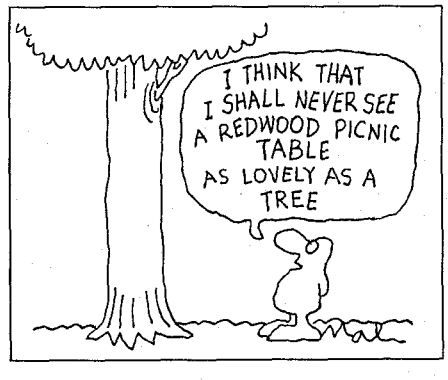
Mr. Baker is one-half right. There are those who have rejected not the concept of arms control but *a* concept of arms control. It is this illusory concept of arms control in which we are currently engaged. The apparent objective is simply to diminish inventory, which however has little to do with diminishing the threat. The fastest way of saying this is that with the modernization of the SS-18, 154 of the modern variety can cause as much devastation as 308 of the antique variety. So that the reduction from 308 to 154 is: meaningless. It is a reduction that satisfies only the number-fetishists: those who believe that there is an exact correspondence between the number of warheads the enemy has and the safety of the United States.

The facts are otherwise. It does not greatly matter how many weapons the enemy has if his aggressive use of those weapons would result in suicide. It has been the purpose of our deterrent system to assure that any use of nuclear weapons designed to destroy our retaliatory reserves would fail. All else is ephemera. How many SS-24s or 25s they have, how many MXs we have; what the distinctions are between air-launched and sea-launched cruise missiles, what are their permissible warheads . . . the list of individual elements is endless, and endlessly meaningless except insofar as it tells us: We are safe. Or, we are not safe. There is zero point in celebrating a reduction in arms—unless that reduction walks us back across the threshold of nuclear vulnerability.

There is another level on which Mr. Baker's maneuvering disappoints. We know that the important political event of this year will be the unification of Germany. This is an event desired by everyone—with the exception of the Soviet Union. But there are circumstances under which the Soviet Union would (however secretly) welcome it. Since East Germany is no longer a hard-working satellite of the Soviet empire, it is of little use to a projected Soviet military juggernaut. But it would be wonderfully useful to the Soviet Union if, detached now from Moscow, East Germany became the instrument for the disarmament of West Germany.

That would appear to be the direction in which Mr. Gorbachev is headed, whence the dismay among conservative monitors of the disarmament process. The Soviet Union has 375,000 troops in East Germany, and it was expected that the withdrawal of these troops would be scheduled to coincide with unification. Nothing of the sort has in fact been done. Moreover, limitations have been placed on the cruise missile, which limitations have the effect of shielding the heart of Russia from retaliation should the Soviets turn back in the direction of military aggression. Richard Perle, the principal theorist of deterrence, wonders whether the Soviet Union is about to achieve, under *perestroika* and *glasnost*, what it sought unsuccessfully for forty years, namely, the disarmament of Germany.

One wonders: Just what will the German leaders do, as the date approaches? They are scheduled to present a plan for economic unification as soon as early July. Then move to political unification toward the end of the year.



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But the Soviets have twenty divisions squatting down on territory over which they have claims as military victors. And their terms for unification are: No international pact, no foreign troops. If those terms are accepted, that means the end of NATO and the end of U.S. forces in Germany: and probably the end of U.S. forces in Europe. How has anything accomplished by Mr. Baker in his dealings with Mr. Shevardnadze helped us avoid that possibility? □

The War Against Capital Punishment

NEW YORK, MAY 18

Mr. Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* picks up a sentence from *The Economist* and strokes it for a full column. What *The Economist* wrote was that "one of the most striking differences between the United States and other industrial countries is America's enthusiasm for execution."

Well now—just to begin with—if America has that great an enthusiasm for execution, America must be most fearfully frustrated. We have had 124 executions since the *Gregg* v. *Georgia* decision in 1976 authorized a return to capital punishment. That's an average of fewer than ten executions per year. During the 14 years since *Gregg* we have had about 265,000 murders. If you want the ratio, that makes for about 2,137 murders per execution. And, finally, there are 2,200 men and women on Death Row. If our enthusiasm were so great to execute them, one would think there'd be two hundred of them left alive tomorrow, and none the next day: America has no shortage of electricity.

But our enthusiasm to execute has generated the longest juridical foreplay in history. Inevitably (as with Mr. Lewis) opponents of capital punishment single out for attention such as Mr. Dalton Prejean, executed yesterday in Louisiana. ". . . the idea that only especially evil criminals are selected for execution is a joke. The ones who lose are poor, mentally impaired, black—and had lawyers who did not take the case seriously." Well, somebody took the case of Mr. Prejean seriously, given that he killed the cop in 1977 and was alive up until May 17, 1990. Who and what kept him alive all that length of time, against the cosmic drive of American enthusiasm to execute?

What is going on in America is that the abolitionists are hoist by their own

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petard. They have struggled for years to make effective justice impossible. Along comes Mr. William H. Rehnquist, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who petitions the legal community to cut down on the number of applications a condemned prisoner can make to the federal courts. These are unlimited, and have the effect of keeping high the population of Death Row. Mr. Rehnquist has been saying for years: Look, if the legislatures want capital punishment for certain kinds of crimes for which the Supreme Court has authorized it, let them get on with capital punishment. If they don't want it, let them repeal those laws. But don't try at one and the same time to live according to the law, and to frustrate the law.

Has it occurred to *The Economist* why the United States has reversed itself on capital punishment? Twenty-four years ago over 50 per cent of Americans opposed capital punishment. Now, 80 per cent approve. How come? Have we as a nation drifted toward necrophilia? There is another explanation, namely that societies tend to mobilize their resources as provoked. If there are great scandals on Wall Street, fresh laws and regulations (as Mr. Milken knows) get passed. If the United States manages nine times as many murders per capita as the United Kingdom, we incline in the direction of the chair, at the same time that Great Britain inclines away from the noose. *The Economist* might consult one of its futurists and ask the question: If there were a 9,000 per cent increase in capital crime in Great Britain, would Parliament bring back the hangman? Interesting question.

The latest drive to exterminate capital punishment by introducing phony objections issues, not unexpectedly, from Senator Teddy Kennedy. His new civil-rights-justice-I'm-going-to-an-integrated-heaven-when-I-die bill says this: Unless the number of people sentenced to death exactly represents their ethnic percentage of the population: No executions. That means (if the bill is passed): No executions. Forget blacks, who kill at about eight times the rate of whites (and, mostly, kill other blacks). Consider Japanese-Americans. They kill practically nobody. Don't ask us why, that is another inquiry: they just plain don't. That means that if (to use round figures) there are one million Japanese, twenty million blacks, and (not including other minorities) two hundred million whites, then unless on Execution Day you have one Japanese convicted to death, twenty blacks, and two hundred whites, you can't execute anybody! Proponents of capital punishment are going to end up having to bribe Japanese (to say nothing of whites) to please kill more people.

Liberalism lives on. Liberal reasoning does too, if you can call it that. □

Kissinger For Governor?

NEW YORK, MAY 23

The attempted draft by the New York Republican Party of Henry Kissinger received scant attention, perhaps because reporters who got wind of it thought it inherently implausible. Henry Kissinger, Nobel Prize–winning foreign-policy analyst, run for governor of New York against Mario Cuomo? But the effort was actually made . . . and, hear this, HAK listened. For a brief moment.

The surrounding circumstances are as follows. Mario Cuomo is a very powerful political figure. As one wades deeper and deeper into the decay of the state over which Mario Cuomo has presided for the past eight years (Quiz: Name one aspect of public life in New York about which one can say confidently that it is better now than in 1982.) one wonders, naturally: Who will give the voters of New York an opportunity to replace that brooding omnipresence in Albany?

The most remarkable thing of it is that there isn't a long line of candidates clamoring for the Republican nomination. There are the conventional reasons for such a reluctance: New York is heavily Democratic in voter registration; Cuomo has a lot of money banked to finance his campaign; and Cuomo tends to frighten people with the thunder of his oratory, which lights fires under his opponents, leaving them with bleached bones revealing the hard structure of their misanthropy. The normal politician doesn't like to come up against populist dreadnoughts.

There was a brief interval there when it looked as though Evan Galbraith, a banker-lawyer who served as Mr. Reagan's ambassador to France, might do the job. He'd have been a splendid candidate, in that he is a deeply convinced fiscal conservative greatly informed on the causes of New York State's decline. He also has a fine wit, which would have served him as a great deflator in any encounter with Governor Cuomo. But Galbraith ran into a residence technicality and had to withdraw, leaving the Republican Party with . . .? Why not Kissinger!

The trouble with asking Henry Kissinger to run for governor of New York State is that he is not associated in the public eye with strong views on such questions as public schools, taxation, drug enforcement, let alone the careful minuet between metropolitan New York and upstate New York that people spend lifetimes trying to master.

Henry Kissinger was born with a very special gift for penetrating geopolitical interrelationships. I said once about him that he puts one in mind of Henry Ford in one sense. Walter Chrysler, when he designed his new engines in the early Twenties, shielded them in carapaces that deliberately misrepresented their new engineering. Why? Because he knew that his great competitor Henry Ford, with his X-ray vision, on merely seeing the engine covers in magazine or newspaper advertisements would instantly deduce what advancements Chrysler had made.

Kissinger has comparable skills in foreign policy. I know no one who would more quickly, more intuitively, deduce the bearing of a left-wing coup in Basutoland on the politics of the Tyrol. George Kennan is a historian and foreign-policy analyst who (a few people are aware of it) has pronounced views on domestic policy (very conservative views, it happens). But no one would ever have thought to ask George Kennan to run for governor of New Jersey. It requires more imagination than some of us have to see Henry Kissinger up there debating Mario Cuomo on prudent depreciation policies for industry, or residual difficulties raised by the Wagner Act. This is not to say that Henry Kissinger could not master these subjects (he would need only to apply his formidable intelligence to them, and his instincts could be trusted to come up with wholesome approaches)—but he would need time. And his entry into the field would have dissipated a great national resource as senior counselor on foreign policy.

Mr. Kissinger is a public-spirited man and for that reason permitted himself to consider the question. But that hold on reality which has guided him in public life brought him up short. New York, happily, is left with the prospect of a gifted academician, Herbert London, a dean of New York University. His problem? He is broke, unknown. And a conservative and a Republican [who will run on the Conservative line]. New York will almost certainly inter itself deeper in the grave Governor Cuomo has been so industriously digging, in his effort to take us back to the world of Tobacco Road, in which his restlessly evangelical self feels so much at home. □

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OFF THE RECORD

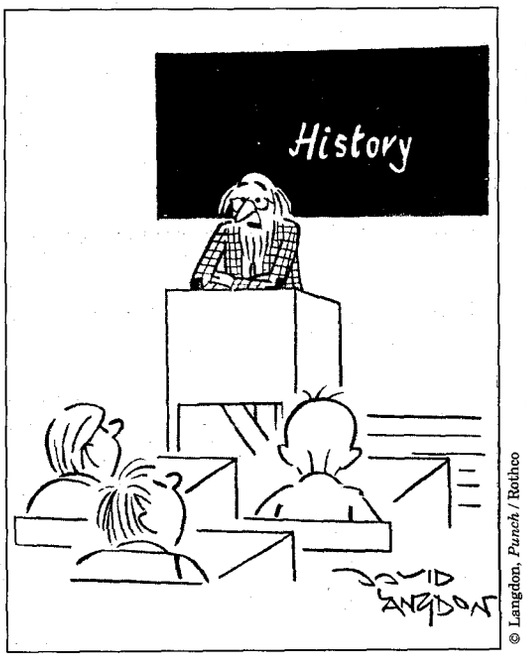
■ While Republican bigwigs inside the Beltway were busy setting up Republicans for Choice, out in the field Pennsylvania voters were showing just how out of touch with the grassroots the GOP chieftains are. In the May 15 gubernatorial primary there, a young, pro-life mother of four named Peg Lusick filed just ten days before the deadline, yet went on to capture 46 per cent of the vote against the odds-on favorite, pro-choice state Auditor General Barbara Hafer.

Pennsylvania pro-lifers tell Cato they are actually relieved Mrs. Lusick didn't pull it off. The real goal was not to challenge Democratic Governor Robert Casey (a pro-life hero) but to send a statement back to the Republican National Committee about the Big Tent theory. Meanwhile, a number of people running on Mrs. Lusick's coattails knocked out Hafer people in the state Republican committee.

The whole thing has put the White House in a bind. The President is under great pressure from Mrs. Lusick's people not to come out in support of Miss Hafer in the general election, which she is destined to lose anyway. Mr. Bush is damned if he does, damned if he doesn't: If he campaigns for her, he will be snubbing a significant segment of the party; if he doesn't, he will be accused of not supporting GOP candidates and will risk losing some state and local seats. Isn't this why we no longer have a Whig Party?

■ A Washington lawyer named Jim Guirard has made some enemies for himself by pushing the White House for an interim report on Soviet military forces. The matter is urgent, because the full version of the annual publication, normally released in April, will for a variety of reasons not be available until the fall. A dozen senators and fifty congressmen (Democrats as well as Republicans) are pushing for an early summation because they are operating in an informational vacuum, and an honest report would show that weapons production is way up during the Gorbachev years—not information the White House, facing a new arms-control debate, wants out there. An interim report is in the works, we're told, but fears are that it will be scotched by State or the NSC.

■ Another Bush judicial nominee is in trouble, in this case the man the President has named for a seat on the Eleventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Mr. Bush's choice is Judge Kenneth Ryskamp, a fine jurist and solid conservative who has made a good name for himself as a district judge in Florida and whose appointment to the circuit court would shift its balance from liberal to conservative. Now, one thing we've learned since the Bork fiasco is that all unsuccessful candidates have one thing in common: they lack a political patron out there making the case for them. This is why conservatives are so outraged over Senator Connie Mack's (R., Fla.) backhanded endorsement of the judge. "I expect to be able to support that nomination," was all Senator Mack would say, apparently miffed that none of the three names *he* had put forward was chosen.



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"I'll put it to a democratic vote. Which do you prefer, the dialectical materialistic approach, or kings and battles?"

■ On the subject of judges, Washington saw the swearing in of Clarence Thomas to Judge Bork's old seat on the District Court of Appeals, with a great crowd in attendance. Even liberal Carter appointee Pat Wald, the chief judge on that bench, was heard telling friends that it was the largest gathering in the courtroom she had seen in all her years there. One of the most touching moments came when Judge Thomas introduced the nuns who had taught him at St. Benedict's in Savannah, whom he had invited to the ceremony. The sisters say that Judge Thomas was a fine student, a reliable altar boy, and an upstanding member of the safety patrol—"a very good and determined young man," says one. Wonder what the good sisters at St. Helena's in Wilmington remember about little Joey Biden.

■ Recently the *Washington Post* carried a letter protesting the granting of asylum to Chinese couples who have fled because of Peking's forced-abortion policy. Indeed, the writer argues that we should be "praising China for looking forward" on its population policy, and that Chinese couples know it is "both patriotic and beneficial" to cooperate. The letter was signed Sarah G. Epstein—that's G as in Gamble. Mrs. Epstein is the daughter of Procter & Gamble founder Clarence Gamble, who gained notoriety for his promotion of the Negro Project. This was a scheme he cooked up with Margaret Sanger to reduce the birthrate of American blacks. The family's concern has only shifted from black to yellow.

■ All across America the press has been hailing Donald B. Ayer as a man of conscience for resigning his position as deputy attorney general after his chief, Richard Thornburgh, rescinded an order of his related to an internal investigation. The word we hear is that Ayer, who embarrassed the department by endorsing a range of punishments for corporate crimes, didn't have to resign: he was sacked. —CATO

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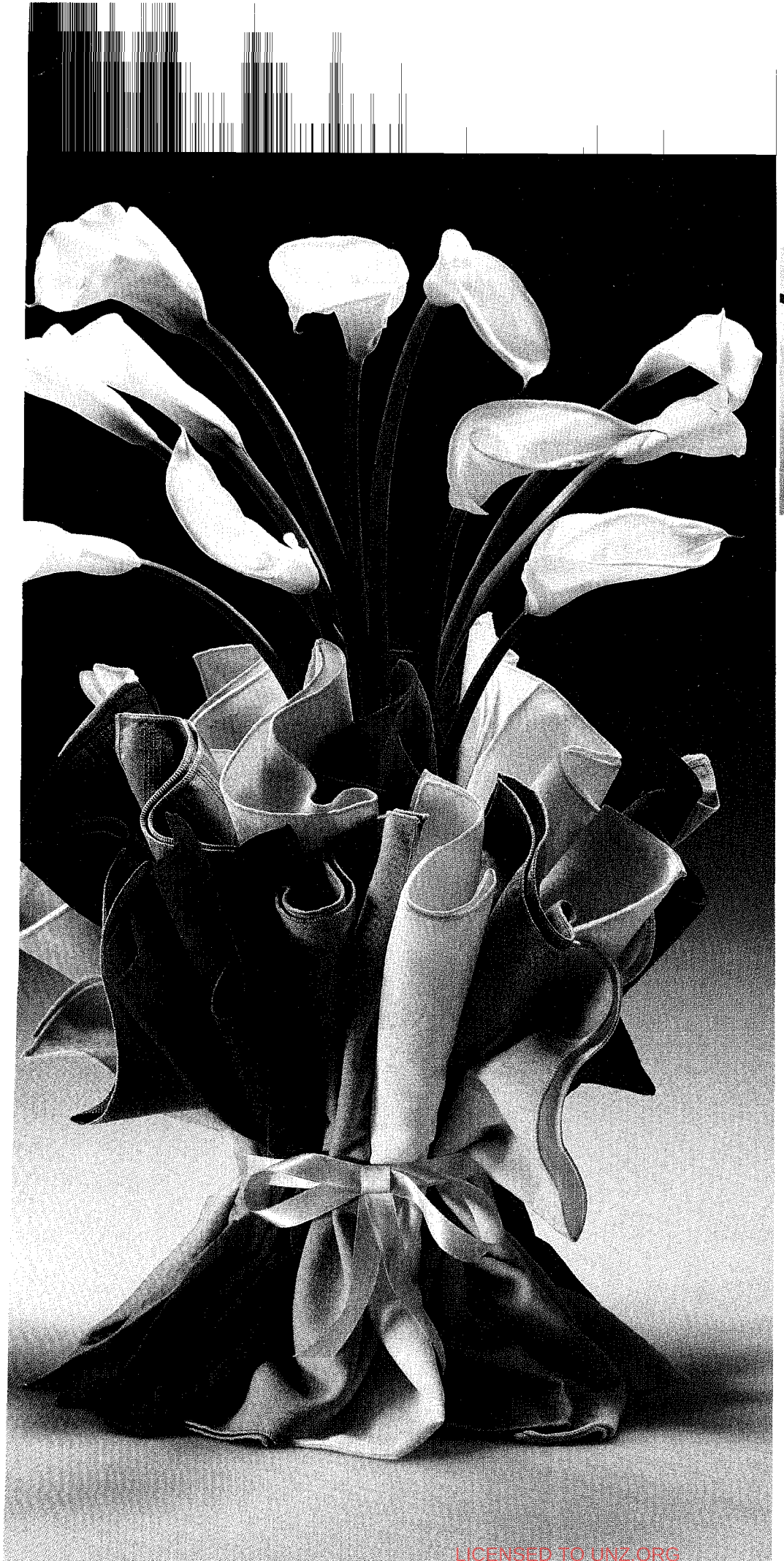

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